Vol. CXLI. No. 1829.

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THE BYSTANDER January 4, 1939.

The BYSTANDER

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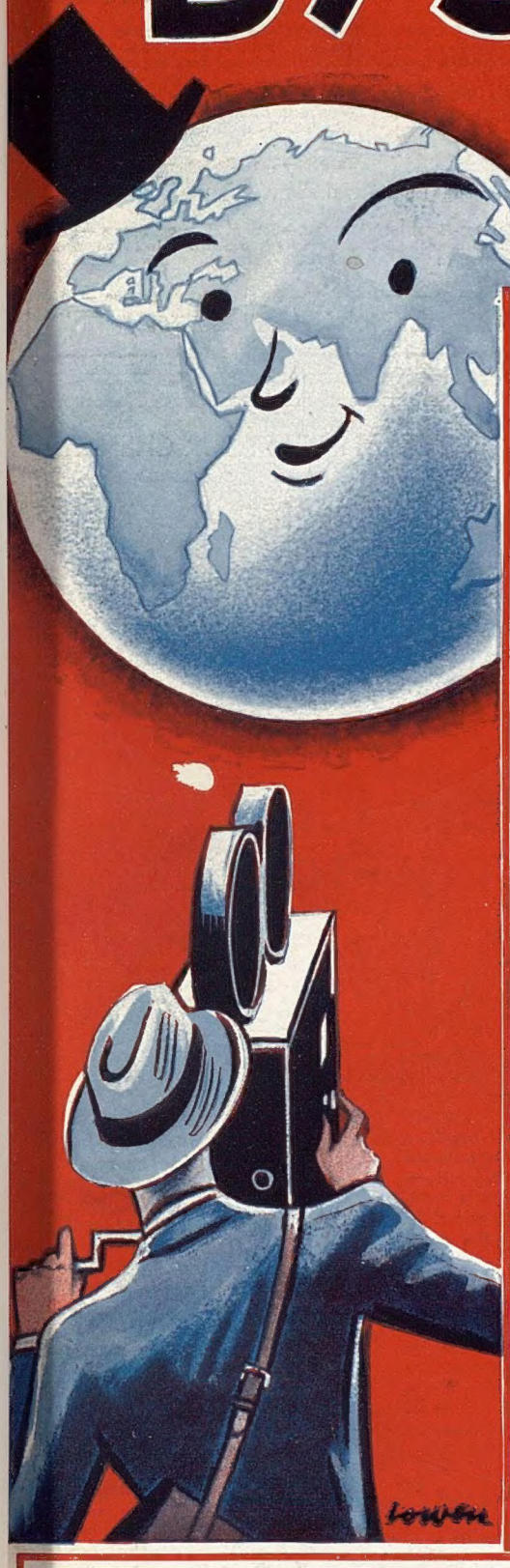

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Season till end of March.

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Colds and 'flu affect the entire system; physically and mentally they impair your efficiency. Avoid them by using Vapex regularly—or, if you already have a cold, Vapex will quickly put you right by dealing direct with the *cause* of your distress.

VAPEX KILLS THE GERMS

Vapex stops colds and 'flu by destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the pleasant germicidal vapour frequently.

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Use Vapex as a protection against colds and 'flu. Office-workers, school-children, cinema-goers all need Vapex as a safeguard from germs, which are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

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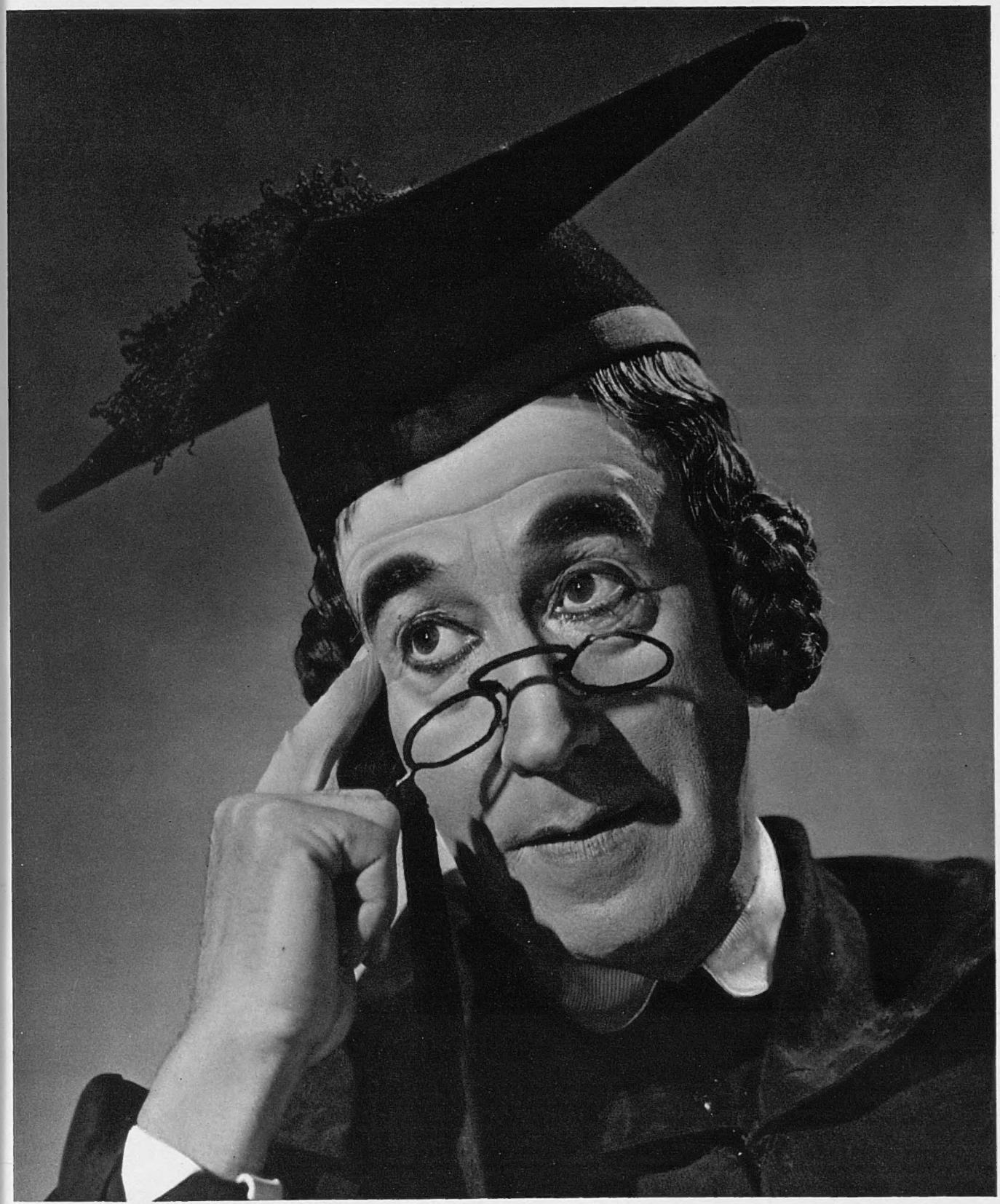


Angus McBean

George Melvin: Nurse to the Babes

George Melvin is the nurse in charge of the Babes in the Wood in the pantomime of that name at Drury Lane: urbane and eyebrow-raising, on bicycle, in nursery, or among the pie-slingers in the kitchen, he fits ideally into the show, which demonstrates pantomime tradition undisturbed. Melvin is an Aberdeen man and a theatrical by birth and upbringing; his first appearance was at five, at the now vanished Aberdeen Alhambra. He was at the Lane in '29 *(Sleeping Beauty)*; has played drama, variety, even circus engagements—everything except Shakespeare, which is now his great ambition

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

CHRISTMAS festivities being satisfactorily concluded with the help of a certain amount of common sense and a very great deal of bicarbonate of soda, I am taking up the Passing Hour where I left it a week ago. A fortnight ago in the BYSTANDER my colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, for once in a very long while, hit the right nail on the head when he wrote about peace on earth to men of goodwill. The headlines three days after Christmas Day in a daily paper taken at random were as follows:

1. Franco's final efforts to win the war.
2. Poles expel Czechs (quarrels in Teschen).
3. Huge American Air Force (13,000 'planes may be built).
4. Franco's new offensive.
5. Japanese bomb five Chinese cities (hundreds of civilians killed).

This is literally true. Those headlines read from left to right across the top of the main page.

WHILE the news of American rearmament is not exactly in accord with the Christmas spirit, nevertheless it is extremely welcome. It is quite obvious that if America builds thousands of aeroplanes with her incomparable, skilled engineers, in the long run most of them will be bought by Britain and France. After all, London is only forty minutes from the nearest German aerodrome, and the Atlantic is three thousand miles wide. Democracy's first defence is on the Rhine. Its second defence is as far away as the Hudson.

AS I trudged through the slush and snow of London's streets I saw posters saying "France does not wish to give up Jibouti." That takes one back twenty years. When Mr. Lloyd George and Clemenceau and President Wilson were making the Treaty of Versailles the Italians wanted Fiume. The Big Three offered them Asia Minor in exchange. The Italians refused, pointing out quite reasonably that Asia Minor was in the possession of the Turks. As a last desperate resort, Mr. Lloyd George offered them Jibouti, which belonged to France. Instantly the cry went round Paris, "France cannot live without Jibouti." It became a slogan of the boulevards. I think myself that it was an exaggeration, because France had lived a thousand years before it ever heard of Jibouti. But, anyway, there it was; and now the old cry has started again. France will fight to its last man to save this miserable port in the Red Sea. Old Bismarck was not a fool when he said that Pomerania was not worth the bones of a single Prussian grenadier.

IT is announced that bomb-proof underground car-parks in many of London's squares and open spaces may be begun in the summer if Government approval can be secured. Local authorities are working out the schemes, but the Home Office has to give the final word. Each of them would take about nine months to build, and so it looks as if London may have some bomb-proof shelters within twenty months of the Munich crisis. But, of course, the Home Office may refuse permission. One never knows.

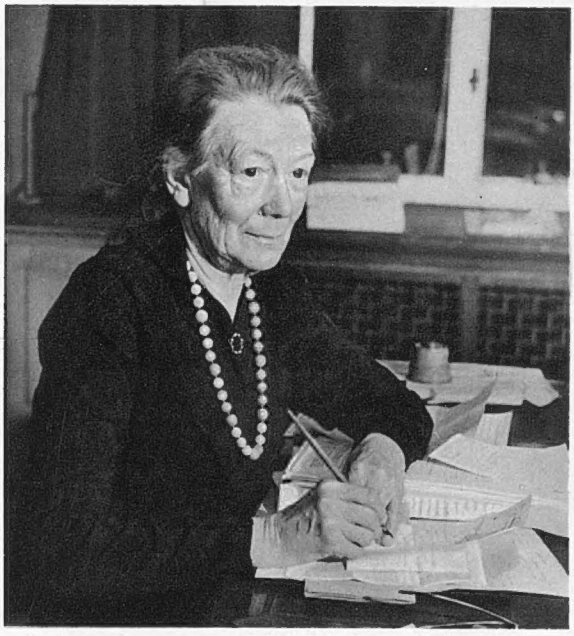
IT really looks as if the supreme moment has arrived in Spain. General Franco has hitherto worked on the principle of nibbling here and there. Now he is staking everything on one smashing blow in Catalonia, and the fighting is on such a tremendous scale that it is unlikely that either side will survive a heavy defeat. After two and a half years the final show-down seems to be at hand.

THE French half of the shares in the famous Skoda armament works have been acquired by the Czecho-Slovak Government. This means, in effect, that the whole works are now controlled by Germany.

DESCENDANTS of the Voortrekkers have been having a nice time in South Africa celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Dingaan's Day. The serried ranks of Afrikanders sang their national song, but they did not sing *God Save the King*. At the same time news comes through from South Africa that the citizenry are prepared to fight to the death rather than give up the mandated territory, which used to be German South-West Africa. But surely they ought to reflect for a moment that South Africa's first line of defence is in Portsmouth and Scapa Flow. Mr. Pirow can say what he likes. He can't alter that.

IN a fortnight begins an intensive campaign by all branches of the Entertainment Industry to raise a hundred thousand pounds for the Lord Baldwin Fund for Refugees. This is a

(*Concluded on page 4*)



The new Chairman *of the London County Council, nominated by the Labour Party majority for the election in March, will be Mrs. Eveline M. Lowe. She will be the first woman Chairman. She has been Labour Member for Bermondsey on the Council since 1922, and is now Chairman of the Establishment Committee. She is the widow of a Bermondsey doctor who was partner of Dr. Alfred Salter, M.P.; her chief activities are in the educational world*

The new Member *for Kinross and West Perth is Mr. W. McNair Snadden (left), elected by a majority of 1313 as a Unionist supporting Mr. Chamberlain. He farms 600 acres near Blair Drummond, and is a well-known shorthorn breeder. With him here are Sheriff D. P. Blades, the Returning Officer, declaring the result, and the defeated Independent, the Duchess of Atholl. She resigned the seat which she had held since 1923 and fought the by-election entirely on the issue of her opposition to the Government's foreign policy. By her defeat the House of Commons has lost one of its most outstanding women Members*

Bachrach

Cordell Hull, America's Secretary of State

Cordell Hull, the Tennessee judge, son of a well-to-do lumberman, who, under President Roosevelt, has directed America's foreign policy since 1933, ended his year with two very substantial achievements to his credit. In November his unflagging work for the "firm establishment of non-discriminatory treatment as the foundation of international trade relations" bore fruit in the Anglo-American and Canadian-American Trade Agreements. Last week the Declaration of Lima was made by the twenty-one nations represented at the Pan-American Conference, affirming their solidarity on its foundation of common principles, their willingness to consult in face of threats from outside, their condemnation of persecution, and their determination to pursue liberal trade policies. In all this, the voice (in real life a soft, Southern drawl) of Mr. Hull, and the Administration he represents, can be heard, and his personal contribution to the Conference was very great. As an anti-isolationist and a profound democrat, he is a good friend of England. The idealism, intellect, shrewd sense, and firmness written in his face make his friendship worth having. And as a possible future President, his regard for this country may be of incalculable importance

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 2)

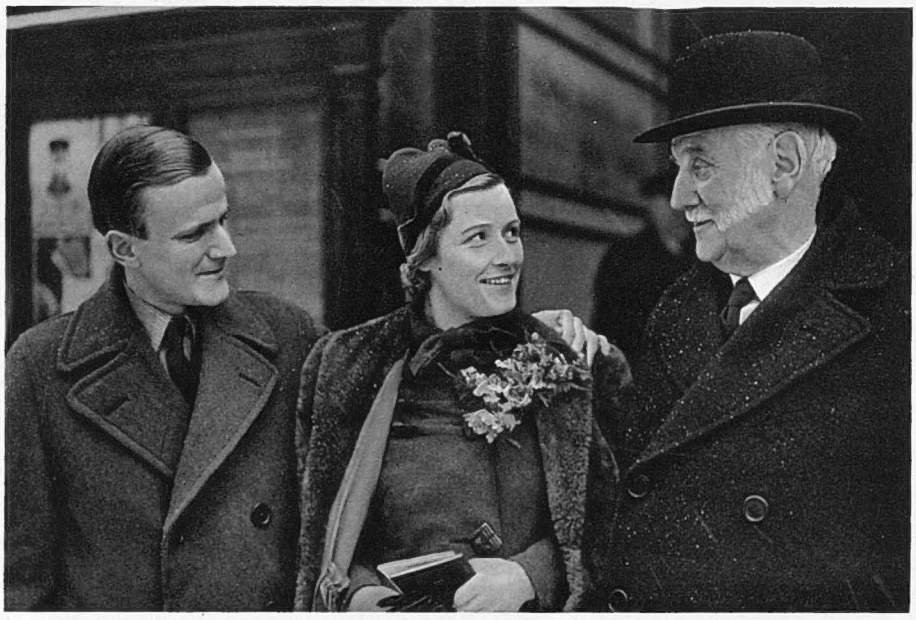
most noble idea, but it is only characteristic of the long record of this Industry on behalf of charity. Actors and actresses are not always very rich, but they invariably answer appeals of this sort. And yet their trade is subject to the iniquitous entertainment tax. If business men had to pay a tax on the gross takings of their companies and firms instead of on their net profits, what a monstrous howl would go up, and how quickly the tax would be taken off. Incidentally, many business men are contributing to the Lord Baldwin Fund, but I have yet to notice an organised campaign by them.

So Lombard Terrace, in Chelsea, is to come down. It is a tiny little place—only a couple of houses—but it is almost the last beautiful corner of old Chelsea. Many people have tried to preserve those two little Georgian houses, but to no avail, and another bit of beautiful London goes into the universal dust-bin. I do not often agree with the views of Signor Mussolini, but he has done as much to preserve the architectural history of Italy as our pundits have done to destroy the architectural history of England. To all those who have a hand in the condemnation of Lombard Terrace I offer my heartfelt curses—not that that will make the slightest difference.

The Forestry Commission reports that the Dutch beetle, which has ravaged the elm trees of England so disastrously during the last few years, has been slackening off in his efforts. During the last year not nearly so many of these majestic trees were stricken with the elm-disease. On the other hand, the Commission admits candidly that the good news may be only temporary and that, anyway, no scientific defence against the beetle has yet been discovered. If he redoubles his efforts, in a very few years there will not be an elm left in the country.

Mr. and Lady Diana Cooper Took Their Son to the Circus

Just as the Mills Circus luncheon aims at gathering the highest in the land, so the pre-view of the show that follows it mixes them with children from the least fortunate social strata: it is the Mills brothers' boast that, before Christmas, many thousands of poor boys had been their excited guests at Olympia. Among the first show's youthful audience was John Julius Duff Cooper, who took his parents



George Lansbury Gave His Granddaughter to a Prospective Colleague

George Lansbury, seventy-nine-year-old Member for Bow and Bromley and G.O.M. of the Socialist movement, gave away his granddaughter, Irene Haberson, at her Caxton Hall wedding to John Dugdale, son of Colonel Arthur Dugdale and prospective Parliamentary candidate for the Duddesden Division of Birmingham

Jack Hills is dead—a man greatly loved. He missed Cabinet rank only by the cruellest of bad luck. Appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury, which is the recognised stepping-stone to the Cabinet, he lost his seat in the General Election of 1922. He fought a by-election immediately afterwards, and was defeated, and before he could regain the House of Commons his chance had gone. Jack Hills was a human person who understood the things that are worth while and who laughed at the things that are not. He went to the front as a battalion-commander at the age of forty-eight, and was severely wounded in the hand. Captain Alan Thomas, who used to do the book-page in the Bystander, and I once took Major Hills to see *Journey's End*. His comment was characteristic: "There was too much whisky drunk in that mess."

A farmer in Devonshire has been fined five pounds plus six pounds eight and sixpence costs for shooting a foxhound that was trying to get through some wire-netting into his farm. One trembles to think what he would have been fined had he shot a fox.

My comments the other day in these pages on the University Rugby Football Match have brought the usual post-bag of angry anonymous letters and post-cards from Scotland. It is a strange thing about my fellow countrymen that any derogatory reference to Rugger drives them into a frenzy, but does not drive them into sufficient courage to sign their letters.

The first Test Match in South Africa ended in a boring drawn match. Really this big cricket business is becoming rather absurd. Both sides are simply determined not to lose at all costs. Admirers of the little Middlesex batsman will be sorry that Edrich failed yet again on a big occasion, but there are others who cannot help asking themselves how long a trial Edrich would have had if he had been a North of England batsman. In the last tour to Australia, for instance, Paynter, of Lancashire, was left out of the team, and his Test Match record is as good as almost anyone's.

An American professor is trying to push the Weddell Sea off the map of the Antarctic, and the Admiralty is working hard to keep it on. The professor alleges that for a hundred and fifteen years the Admiralty have been faking charts. To the ordinary man in the street the existence or not of the Weddell Sea is not of the first importance, but these arguments are always fun. The best of them was the dispute between Britain and Norway a few years ago about two Antarctic islands, and it was discovered towards the end that neither side knew where the islands were and that no one had seen them for at least fifty years.

The director of the Hastings Chess Congress says that blondes do not make good chess players. The next question to be answered is, Who wants them to?

Politicians at Play

Spanish Grandee in Swiss Snow

During General Franco's big push to put an end to the agony of Spain, his representative in England, the Duke of Alba and Berwick, did not think fit to upset his holiday arrangements and was duly photographed with his daughter Tana in the snows above St. Moritz

British Statesman at the Circus

Mr. Winston Churchill took his daughter Mary to the Mills Circus lunch—the first without the founder—and afterwards to the show itself, which they appear to have enjoyed. Pictures of what they saw appear on pages 32-33

Yugoslavian Premier on Swiss Ice

Dr. Milan Stojadinović, the Yugoslavian Council of Regency's first Minister, was another politician to favour St. Moritz. Here he stands at the edge of the patinoir and looks with beetling brows on to the sport in progress

Cabinet Minister in Snowbound Alsace

Mr. Hore-Belisha, the best speaker of French in the British Cabinet, spent his fêtes usefully in contacting French ministers and friends. Last week he was in Alsace with M. Mathis, manufacturer of baby cars: top, making le boxe with his host; bottom, after a snowball fight on the estate with General Hering, Military Governor of Strasbourg

THREE ENGAGEMENTS

M. Marc Sevastopoulo and Princess Elisabeth Cantacuzene

Marc Sevastopoulo and Princess Elisabeth Cantacuzene announced their engagement before Christmas, and were photographed at supper at Ciro's. She was Russian, is now naturalised English, is a cousin of Mrs. John Hanbury-Williams; her parents live in France. He was formerly married to Diana Guest, Lord Wimborne's niece, and by her has a three-year-old daughter

Miss Primrose Harbord and Mr. d'Abo

Primrose Harbord is the third daughter of Capt. Edward Harbord, and Mrs. Harbord, of Kirk Deighton Hall, Wetherby, Yorks. Edward d'Abo is the youngest son of G. L. d'Abo, of 16, Avenue Road, N.W.8. The Harbord family all went to St. Moritz for Christmas *(see page 30)*

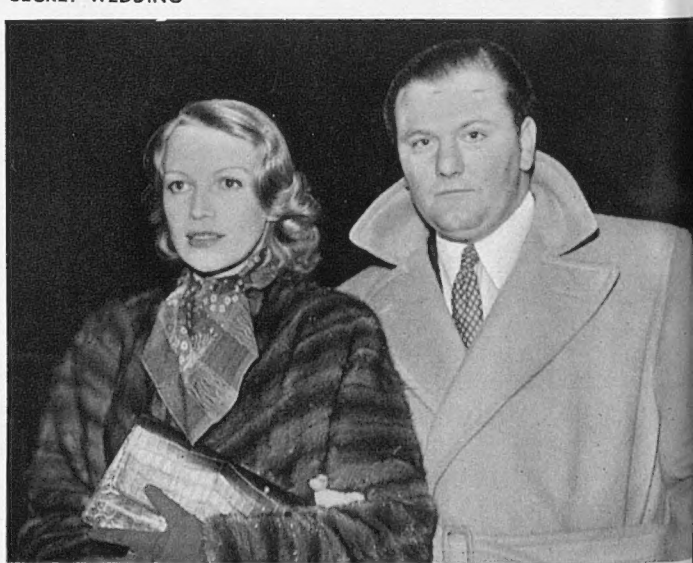
WARWICKSHIRE CHRISTENING

Leopold David Verney, His Parents and Grandmother

Miss Von Gosztonyi-Kreiker and Mr. Robin Lyle

Robin Lyle is the second son of Sir Archibald Lyle, Bt., and Lady Lyle, of Glendelvine, Murthly, Perthshire. His fiancée, Emmy Von Gosztonyi-Kreiker, is the only daughter of Colonel Eugene Von Gosztonyi, of Budapest, and Mrs. Heinrich Von Kreiker, of 49, Lowndes Square, W.1. They were photographed in Perthshire at Christmas. Mr. Lyle's elder brother Ian married the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller last year

SECRET WEDDING



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fairey

Richard Fairey and Aino Bergo, the Swedish actress and singer, were married secretly last October, and are now living in Chelsea. He is the elder son of C. R. Fairey, chairman and managing director of the Fairey Aviation Company

MONTE CARLO

The Sporting Club Opens

Barry Dierks, Mrs. Richard Allen and Mr. Corvissiano, a member of the famous Greek baccarat syndicate, were in one of the opening-night parties. Mr. Dierks is an architect, and is at present building Mrs. Charles Harrington Chadwick's Cap d'Antibes villa. The big gambling news of the evening—for some people—was a run of twelve reds at trente-et-quarante

Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart and Mrs. Wentworth

The party in which Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart and Mrs. G. Wentworth dined was given by Admiral and Mrs. Edwards, Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart's Swedish wife (who was Jane von Bahr) was also there

LONDON OCCASIONS

Social Register

Left: Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's son and heir was christened Leopold David at St. Peter's, Kineton, with the King of the Belgians (Mr. J. P. Heseltine stood proxy), Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., Mrs. Jocelyn Abel Smith, and Mrs. Harold Cayzer as godparents. Holding the baby here is Mrs. Godfrey Heseltine, Lady Willoughby de Broke's mother

Lady Iris Mountbatten and Lord Burghley

These two were guests of Cyril and Bernard Mills at the vast lunch-party which annually precedes the opening of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. Bertram Mills died last year, but his two sons continue the Circus as before *(see pages 32-33)*

The Hon. Eric Greenwood and His Mother

Lady Greenwood took her younger son, who was fifteen last year, to the opening of "The Citadel," the film version of Dr. A. J. Cronin's novel, which is now at the Empire, with Robert Donat as star

SWISS WEDDING

Left: Maxwell J. H. Turner, barrister brother of Hastings Turner, the playwright, and Fabia Drake, the actress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Drake McGlinchy, were married at Villars-sur-Ollon, in Switzerland. The two little pages were the sons of Mrs. Robert van den Bergh, who has a chalet at Villars

Right: Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P., and Lady Patricia Guinness, the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's second daughter, had a country wedding last Thursday at Elveden, the Iveaghs' place in Suffolk. He is the second son of the late Alan Lennox-Boyd, and Mrs. Lennox-Boyd, of Henlow Grange, Bedfordshire, has been M.P. for Mid-Beds since 1932, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour since last year. She is twenty, fourteen years younger than her husband. They have gone abroad for their honeymoon

SUFFOLK WEDDING

Film Stars' Holiday

A. P. Herbert and Tom Mix

The cowboy film star had the good fortune to sit by the politician-humorist, and vice versa, at the Circus Lunch at Olympia. Mr. Mix who is apparently a left-handed drinker, has been over here since September, when he and his horse Tony the Second made their English stage debut at the Palladium

Anna Lee and Robert Stevenson

Anna Lee was going ski-ing in Switzerland at Christmas, but had to cancel her trip, to start work in Michael Balcon's film of "The Four Just Men," at Ealing, in which she is starring. But she and her film-director and author husband, Robert Stevenson, had enough snow to amuse themselves in at Fingest, where they live, in the hills above Henley

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tracy

Lee Tracy and his wife went over to Switzerland to spend their Christmas on skis and bobs. He came to England last August to take over Raymond Massey's part in "Idiot's Delight" when the latter went to America to play Abraham Lincoln. Mrs. Tracy is a San Franciscan and married her star husband last year

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland

Ray Milland came back to England for the first time for five years to spend Christmas with his mother. With him came his pretty wife, who was a Hollywood girl called Muriel Webber before their 1931 marriage. Ray Milland has achieved stardom since he was last home. A big success in "Men With Wings" and jungle films with Dorothy Lamour are part of his record. "Say It in French" (see p. 14) is his latest

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 103

Ben Travers

BEN TRAVERS, the world's leading farce writer, never wrote a word before he was thirty-seven. He is now fifty-two. You see, there was no writing in the family and no reason why he should find that he had a gift for it. Actually, his father was head of Joseph Travers and Sons, wholesale grocers and wine merchants, founded seven generations ago in the City, and with a branch in Singapore. Young Benjamin (the eldest son has been called Benjamin in the Travers family since time immemorial, which has cost Ben a pile of money because the Germans have banned his plays, thinking him non-Aryan) went to Charterhouse, where he spent four years of marked inefficiency, and only reached the Under Fifth by courtesy, being too small to get confidence for either games or work, and, in the latter instance, relying on cribs, which, as he says, is always fatal. The four years' purgatory over, he spent six months in the City and was then shipped to Singapore, but after three weeks there the manager of his family's firm told him that he might as well do nothing up-country as in Singapore itself. So he had a splendid time on rubber plantations until his mother died and he came back to another four years in the City.

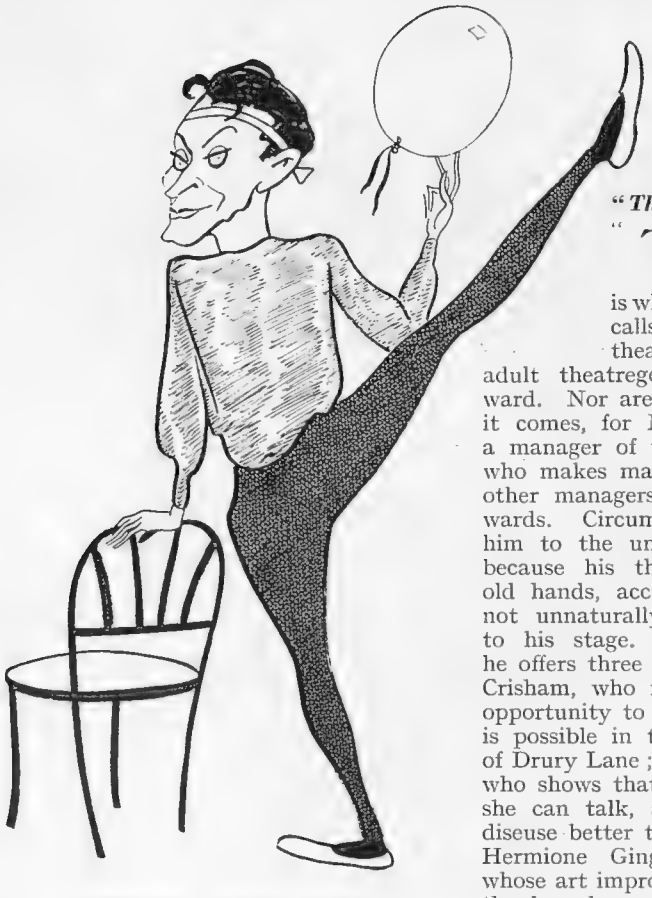
IN 1911 he could bear it no longer and joined the firm of John Lane, the publishers, doing advertising and reading for them (but no writing) until the war. Then one day he was sitting in the Public Schools Club when a fellow-member arrived in a magnificent uniform. Ben asked if he could have one like it. On being told it was the R.N.A.S., he went straight off to enlist, although he was twenty-seven and, therefore, a bit old for flying. However, he showed a great deal of spirit and positively sprang at the rope he was told to climb, with the result that he found himself an airman almost immediately. Soon, when the first Zeppelin came over London and had been flying around for an hour, he was sent up in a pusher machine, with a ceiling of only 3000 feet. The pilot was a chap called Barnes. Travers himself was given a rifle to shoot the Zeppelin down. Which probably gave him his first inspiration for writing pure farce. Well, they stayed up as long as the petrol held out and then hit the ground so hard that Ben was slung thirty yards on his head. Barnes was killed. Ben got concussion and was promptly made an instructor. Before the end of the war he had taught hundreds of fellows, many of whom got the D.S.O. later, how to fly. He actually came out of the Army as a major (R.N.A.S.), with a tin hat and all the trimmings.

IN the meantime he had married, and finding that he had nothing to do, because John Lane could only offer him a partnership on what Ben thought to be impossible terms, he went down to Burnham in Somerset. Here he wrote a play and showed it to Laurence Irving, the son of H. B., who sent it to his mother, who sent it to Golding Bright, who sent it to Charles Hawtry, who sent two post-dated cheques within a fortnight. Thus was *The Dippers* produced by Hawtry and starring Cyril Maude. While waiting for this production, Ben wrote *Cuckoo in the Nest* and *Rookery Nook* as novels, and went on studying Pinero, whom he has always regarded as the greatest dramatic craftsman in the world. A year or two rolled by and then Laurence Grossmith got him to write *Cuckoo in the Nest* as a play. This coincided with Tom Walls' inability to find a successor to *It Pays To Advertise*. So they met at lunch at the Badminton Club and, within a week, the show went into rehearsal. Then one day Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn came down to Burnham to hear him read the script of *Rookery Nook*. Mrs. Travers, who was plucking the dog at the time, was so nervous that she had it almost naked before he had finished. But the play was accepted. There followed, in quick succession, *Thark*, *Plunder*, *A Cup of Kindness*, *A Night Like This*, *Turkey Time* and *A Bit of a Test*. Ben then turned his attention to films. He has now done twenty-one, nine of them being original films. He has always insisted on doing everything himself, even down to the shooting script. His present opus is *Banana Ridge*, where he plays the Chinese boy himself. In off hours Ben plays golf with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton; seldom goes to the theatre; acts as honorary trainer to the Old Carthusian Golf Society; is very shy about meeting new people, but he is an exceedingly witty after-dinner speaker; is very sensitive to criticism; sits alone all day thinking over some new play or other; writes everything six times and has frequently torn up complete novels and plays, and is a great believer in the virtue of laughter. He says, too, that he is very religious, though he never goes to church (public worship embarrasses him). To conclude, he is five foot seven and always smokes a pipe; has a son in the First Eleven at Charterhouse, another at Uppingham, and a daughter understudying at the Strand. She keeps an eye on him all right.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon



Bubbil dance: Walter Crisham

"The Gate Revue" (Gate)

"THE GATE REVUE" (this year admirably so entitled, for that is what everybody every year calls it) is one of the few theatrical events to which adult theatregoers annually look forward. Nor are they disappointed when it comes, for Mr. Norman Marshall is a manager of taste and discrimination, who makes many discoveries for which other managers are given credit afterwards. Circumstances, of course, drive him to the unearthing of new talent, because his theatre is so small that old hands, accustomed to big salaries, not unnaturally prefer his auditorium to his stage. Nevertheless, this year he offers three "names" in Mr. Walter Crisham, who may well be glad of an opportunity to do something more than is possible in the enormous limitations of Drury Lane; in Miss Joan Swinstead, who shows that she san sing as well as she can talk, and burlesque a foreign diseuse better than either; and in Miss Hermione Gingold, the ever-faithful, whose art improves every year and who, the less she romps, the more she romps home. As a cinema attendant who is sick to death of love, as a pillar of the Health and Beauty Campaign, as a very medium medium, and as half-a-dozen more odd ladies, she achieves the best performance of her career.

THERE is very little that the Censor would object to in this year's *Gate Revue*, and that is, perhaps, a pity, since wit thrives on freedom of speech, and, given the chance, should make the most of it. Here, however, Mr. Marshall possibly still has the Censor to contend with, since the writers of his material, I suspect, set to work with one eye on a more commercial field. Another difficulty with which he is confronted is that of construction. Almost every turn he presents is amusing and worth its place, but among the nine authors there is no controlling architect, no expert in weight and measure, in light and shade, to supply what is needed at a given point. But, even so, with a company of only ten, and a running order to dement the wits, how difficult it would be to contrive anything more satisfactory than this very satisfactory show.

AN acid song about three dress designers, a curiously sad song about a vendor of "filthy postcards," and a "danse macabre" for a boy with a balloon—in all of which Mr. Crisham acquits himself brilliantly—linger in the memory. I have also not yet forgotten the rhyming of "faux pas" with "sofa" and of "risk it" with "artistic," but I hope to quite soon. Mr. Nicholas Phipps, Miss Diana Morgan, and Mr. Robert MacDermott, all writing at the top of their form, and Mr. Geoffrey Wright, never at a loss for a tune, may once again be congratulated on providing those who have the sense to be members of the Gate Theatre Studio with the brightest and brainiest Christmas entertainment now showing. And if you aren't a member you can always join. Mr. Marshall himself will put you up.

Health and beauty: Hermione Gingold

Dance of the local yokels: Michael Wilding and Jack McNaughton

Diseuses: Joan Swinstead and Kay Young

Sketches by Rouson

Socialite Sisters No. 2. Twins

Miss Thalia Gordon

Thalia and Anthea Gordon are the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs, Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, near Salisbury. They are a country pair, with hunting, ski-ing and flying as their preferred occupations, and especially hunting, which they do with the Portman; they are both excellent horsewomen. Of their two elder sisters, one married Peter Hervey-Bathurst in 1932 and has a son and a daughter; the other announced her engagement last summer to Michael Morley, 10th Hussars

Miss Anthea Gordon

The Paget twins, Mamaine and Celia Mary, are the daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Eric Paget, and were brought up by their uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, of Ibstock Place, Roehampton. Now they run a very attractive flat in Drayton Gardens, S.W.10, and are usually seen in London together, but not necessarily dressed alike. Their uncle and aunt and younger cousin, Anne Paget, left for Ceylon last Saturday. Another cousin and her husband, the Carleton Pagets, have just moved into a country house in Oxfordshire

Miss Mamaine Paget

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Celia Mary Paget

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

UNFORTUNATE as it was for the chaps involved, there seems no doubt that the Film Censor was perfectly right to ban the script of that projected Relief of Lucknow film the other day at the instance of the India Office. There are some 400,000,000 people in India, their version of the Mutiny is somewhat different from ours, and there 'd apparently have been the devil to pay if such a film was shown. Oddly enough, there were no objections from the India Office to that Clive film in which the Black Hole of Calcutta featured, though not so long ago a Hindu savant, formerly President of the Oxford Union, threw down the official Black Hole story flat, bounced Macaulay and other British historians scornfully out into the alley, and proved the whole thing impossible by mathematics. (He didn't seem to have been hypnotised by the wistful charm of Ronald Colman as Clive, the only British Empire-builder who doesn't look like George Arliss.) In our despicable view, it 's time the film boys gave History a long rest. Campbell Dixon in the *Telegraph* went into the matter of their travesties with grave verve and soundness the other day. Our own feeling is that, even if a lot of our official history *is* Whig folklore, that 's no reason why the film boys should make it twice as cockeyed by introducing fluffy blondes, spicing it up with leaps for life and sexy brawls, and generally jazzing Auntie Clio off her poor old buniony dogs. They mean well, but they lose their self-control.

The only Hollywood film we 've ever seen which treated a classic historical incident with objectivity, restraint, accuracy, clarity, dignity, and the "historical sense" is *Who Killed Cock Robin?* by Mr. Disney, who could obviously have made a better film than (for example) *Suez*, with one eye shut.

Eureka

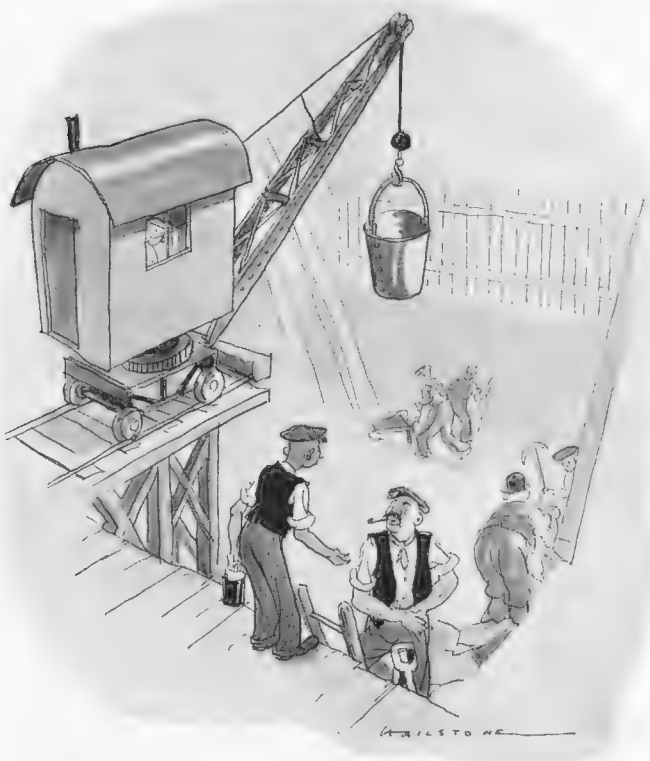
WHAT Manchester thinks to-day England will think to-morrow (which is probably why so many chaps are giving up thinking in 1939 altogether, being too scared), and for this reason Manchester chaps notoriously deem themselves no small punkins. We must say we agreed with them for once when we saw that one of them got up at a dinner the other night and revealed quite casually that he knew the answer to a question which has baffled the world's sages for centuries. It was at the Old Mancunian Dinner, and this chap complained of the "modern" pronunciation of the school motto, "Sapere aude," averring that the "new" pronunciation of Latin is "as much like Latin as crooning is like music." Which shows—correct us if miserably wrong—that this chap must know how the Romans pronounced their tongue, and evidently—correct us again if foully misled—it was the way in which the majority of the educated English have pronounced it for the last 300 years or so, to the world's dismay. After this, we wouldn't mind betting, if you dared us, that there are chaps in Manchester who know what song the Sirens sang, the name Achilles took when he hid among the women, the real age of Mistinguett and B.B.C. comedians' jokes, the meaning of the "M" in "Ruby M. Ayres," the truth about the Diamond Necklace, the Gunpowder Plot and the Marie Celeste, Aubrey Hammond's waist measurement, the name of Sam Goldwyn's malaprop-provider, the whereabouts of the Lost Books of Livy, the shape of Cleopatra's nose, the names of La Dietrich's eyelashes (for those they bear now, such as Mon Rêve, Dinty, Sans Souci, Archie's Quest, Sea View, Waltzertraum, Rover, etc., are admittedly pseudonymous), the Etruscan use of the Pluperfect Subjunctive, the fate of Jack the Ripper, the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*, the exact size of La Garbo's feet, the breaking-point of Godfrey Winn's heart, the Mysteries of Eleusis, and the right answer to a score more historic enigmas ancient and modern, always excepting the biggest one of all, which has no answer—namely, the eternal query why chaps who can get out of Manchester continue to stay in it.

"All we like sheep"

Lid

THERE is no rule, a hunting chap assured the world in print the other day, about chaps other than Hunt servants wearing a velvet cap in the field, though he was careful to add that if the Master doesn't like a lot of velvet caps about it 's better not to. In our unfortunate view many Masters who love beauty, as Masters do, would be only too glad to encourage members of their hunts to wear caps, which set off a purple or plum-coloured face most ravishingly, and even make the leathery pans of hard women to hounds less menacing and eerie than the usual topper, which makes each equine dial about five feet long. The hunting cap, formerly exclusive to Hunt servants, was most popular with the field in the 'seventies, just after the Jorrocks period, which favoured hard, heavy toppers, and there is a well-known modern type of desperate, haughty, swaggering, thin-legged, exquisitely-booted, socially repulsive Mohock which will ride in point-to-points in nothing else. Yet few hunting men have the moral courage to turn up at a meet in a crash helmet, the most obviously suitable headwear, for fear of giving the Master apoplexy; and yet his dramatic seizure in the middle of his hounds, if it resulted fatally, could not but please the average Hunt extremely as a whole.

An arresting sentence, calculated to plunge even the least thoughtful of



"Get me two chocolate marshmallow wufflies and a kreemy krunchie"

sportsmen into deep meditation, ended the piece this hunting chap wrote on caps. He said that if a Master objected to "lovelies" of his hunt turning up so arrayed, they should "rely on their other charms, and loyally desist." Which shows how devilish relative things really are.

Spotted

THE Athenæum smoking-room, a member tells us, is still buzzing with speculation over the discomfiture of Auntie *Times* the other day. As is her wont, the cultured old haybag, she airily quoted a line in the original from Sophocles to decorate a leading article, assuming that her little readers, some of whom undoubtedly possess well-thumbed cribs, whether the old-fashioned Bohn or (among the more advanced dons) the modern Loeb, would seize the allusion at once, with refined chuckles. Next day, to the surprise and consternation of all, she had for the first time in living memory to translate into the vernacular (and not terribly well either, judging by a correction printed on the morrow). The obvious deduction is that somebody has at last called the bluff of Auntie's Fourth Form, who have too long hidden behind the learning of the swots of the Sixth. We wouldn't mind betting now that most of 'em don't know many more languages than the *Daily Express* public, for whom its kindly guide and mentor translated several obscure French words the other say, such as "oui" ("yes") and "ah" ("ah"). We're naturally not getting at Auntie's boys for not knowing Greek, a thing that might happen to anybody—we forgot the little we ever knew years ago, like most people—but we think they ought to have the decency frankly to admit as much to Auntie and save the old trot thereby from public humiliation.

In Printing House Square, we gather, there is shame and dismay. The principal Greek typesetter sits bowed with his venerable white head among his beloved type, as despairing as if Pallas Athene were dead, or the Alexandrians had just invented a brand new tomfoolery of accents. Long-bearded elders throng round consoling him in low, cultivated tones. Kindly Correspondence Editors try to cheer him by reading points from letters by retired clergymen on clever birdies. Leader-writers, whose least word shakes the globe, murmur urbane consolation. It's no good. Things are on the down-grade, and before long they'll be having a comic-strip, they think now.

Write-Up

A CHAP composing a tombstone eulogy for another chap is not on his oath, as Dr. Johnson once observed, or words to that effect. Neither is a chap writing his own notice for books of reference, we were delighted to perceive from that extract in the American *Who's Who* referring to a wealthy New York financier and pillar of Society who committed suicide recently. As "Donald Coster" he gave himself a very pretty little write-up in that authoritative work, omitting to mention that his real (more melodious) name was Philip Musica, and that he was a drug-peddlar and an ex-convict. Yet we can understand his temptations, and so can Sir John Squire, who once described how, faced with a blank autobiography-form sent him by some American year-book editor or other, he resisted, after some struggle, the urgings of the Evil One to fill up its spaces with some sublime Munchausenesque flight of fantasy, ludicrous, wild, and colourful. Foreigners are evidently less strong. Remember always that when Lady What's-her-name in the Wilde play says grimly of some British social reference book or other: "I have known strange errors in that publication," she is just a character in an Irishman's comedy. Remember also that no free-born Briton, however fervently he longs to, can describe himself falsely in reference-books as an Old Etonian without being instantly detected, denounced, exposed, threatened, cut, blackballed, drummed out, and socially annihilated. For whatever critics may say of our System, its card-index is invulnerable.

We've often thought chaps who contribute to reference-books should be given the same chance of writing their obituaries, to be published the year after their death. Not that many chaps can complain of the obituaries the Fleet Street boys give them, which show them to have been remarkably noble characters and loved and respected by all; but our feeling is simply that if chaps wrote their own one could be quite sure they contained no flafla and absolutely nothing but the truth, with a tow, row, row, row, row.

Relic

IT isn't often that King Canute bobs into the news nowadays, so we were mildly interested to see that the historic Pusey Horn is for sale with other objects of vertu from the Hearst collection. Canute gave this horn, with a family manor, to William Pusey 900 years ago for saving his life, we forget where and how, nor do we greatly care. Hearst paid £1950 for it, which, in Anglo-Saxon currency could have bought up fifty manors, and possibly Canute as well. A silver band, inscribed, was added to this horn in the fifteenth century. It's one of those salutary relics which make you remember how short is the life of a man, how long that of his playthings.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Don't keep pestering me; I'll tell you when it's 1948"

"Say It in French"

Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna and Irene Hervey are the leads in this carefree film which went to the Plaza before Christmas and is reviewed here; the first two named are in the pose above. Milland is on a visit here now

"The Young in Heart"

The Carletons are the family whose exploits make the going in this film: Mrs. Carleton, Billie Burke; Richard Carleton, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Colonel "Sahib" Carleton, Roland Young; George-Ann Carleton, Janet Gaynor. It is at the Odeon

Films of the Day

A Good End to a Bad Year

By George Campbell

A DISAPPOINTING year ended in a blaze of glory with Victor Saville's production of *The Citadel*. It is one of the best pictures made in 1938. I would go farther and say it is one of the best British pictures made in any year. I can imagine no more effective reply to the defeatists in British films than this absorbing, amusing, brilliantly acted tale of two worlds—the grim Welsh valley where the doctor begins his idealistic work and the Harley Street where sex appeal, a good tailor, a low handicap at golf, and cultivation of the right people enable the cynic to grow rich.

The first shot sets the key. In a corner of a third-class railway carriage sits young Dr. Manson (Robert Donat), watching the barren hills and glowing forges and sordid villages of a typical Welsh mining valley slide by. The backgrounds, the types, the accents are all new and fascinating. The wife of Dr. Manson's principal, oily and avaricious, is a perfect horror; and there is something daunting in the invincible ignorance of the miners and their opposition to the young newcomer's enthusiastic attempt to find a cure for their occupational disease—a form of tuberculosis caused by anthracite coal-dust. Did Dr. Cronin ever practise in such a community himself? The telling is certainly vivid enough to suggest actual experience.

Is the London half quite so superlatively good? I am not sure, but it is good enough. The doctor's gradual discouragement in the face of poverty and his surrender to the forces of Mammon, personified by an attractive young woman addicted to screaming hysteria, are not in the least improbable—in fact, one marvels that so many medical men withstand them. His introduction to the world of rich hypochondriacs and diploma-ed poseurs is told with the slyest of humour, though I doubt if it will reduce the number of Rolls-Royces stopping in that formidable neighbourhood; and if fate's revenge is contrived a trifle too neatly, it is possibly all the better entertainment.

The acting is magnificent. I could find no fault with Robert Donat as the idealist corrupted by discouragement and natural ambition; Rosalind Russell, without many opportunities, plays his wife with charm and sincerity; Ralph Richardson makes an endearing figure of Manson's drunken colleague; and Emlyn Williams, Francis Sullivan, Rex Harrison, Cecil Parker, Penelope Dudley Ward (in a comedy role) and Mary Clare all stand out in a remarkably strong cast. King Vidor, from Hollywood, has directed brilliantly.

BY far the best of the other films is *The Young in Heart*. Crooks, especially when they are as charming as Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Billie Burke and Roland Young, always lend themselves to comedy and sentiment, and here the mixture is served with extraordinary adroitness. *The Young in Heart* tells of a family of confidence tricksters and card-sharpers. How they make the acquaintance of a rich old lady and set out to win their way into her heart makes a lively comedy, directed and acted with the lightest of touches.

What the crooks don't foresee, though we do, is that she will convert *them*. We end agreeably, if a trifle improbably, with the older crook managing a motor-sales business and the younger studying engineering, and everybody as happy as only a clean conscience is said to make one. Minnie Dupree, the sixty-three-year-old Broadway actress, plays the philanthropic old lady. Whether she steals the picture, or is too sentimental for words, depends on the point of view. I have an open mind.

TAY GARNETT is an extremely talented director, but in *Trade Winds* he slipped a little, possibly because he was his own producer and author, too. The story was obviously concocted to fit the backgrounds filmed by Mr. Garnett during his yachting cruise around the world; the character played by Fredric March is too tough for sympathy, and much as I admire Joan Bennett, I found her this time something less than irresistible. You can blame that on the brunette make-up. I still think it was the script.

"SAY IT IN FRENCH" is a lively light comedy starring the English Ray Milland and the pretty little newcomer, Olympe Bradna, who died so movingly in the storm scene in *Souls at Sea*. She has looks, talent and a quick intelligence, and I see no reason why she should not go straight to the top.

"FOUR DAUGHTERS" is another sentimental comedy, with an undercurrent of drama very well done. *Four's a Crowd* is a featherweight of a picture, with Errol Flynn; and *Yes, Madam?* is one of those Bobby Howes musicals which was born at the Hippodrome and might have been allowed to die there.

Joan Bennett in "Trade Winds"

Joan Bennett was *Stranded in Paris* at the Plaza a month before Christmas. Now she is careering round the world in *Trade Winds*, at the Odeon, on the strength of a plot that is extremely naive. It is reviewed above

Harold Turner as Harlequin in "Carnaval," in Which Famous Role He Gives an Outstanding Performance

Julia Farron in the Polka in "Façade," Which Has Been Danced by Markova, Margot Fonteyn, Elizabeth Miller

"Carnaval": Julia Farron as Columbine, Harold Turner as Harlequin

Ballet at the Wells

Action Studies of Two Dancers Taking Old and New Parts

To-morrow night Julia Farron will dance Columbine in *Carnaval* for the first time. Although far from being one of the great dancing roles, Fokine's Columbine is, nevertheless, an important character in the modern ballet tradition, one for which great dancers, like Karsavina who created it, have set the standard. At Sadler's Wells it has been taken by Ninette de Valois, Pearl Argyle and, recently, by Elizabeth Miller. The dancer who takes Harlequin's part has more exacting technical demands made on him, and he, too, carries the burden of his predecessors' fame, among them Fokine himself, Nijinsky and Idzikowsky. In Harold Turner, Sadler's Wells have one of the best Harlequins of the day. Julia Farron has made her debut in another new role this season, as the impertinent, neatly-swaggering polka dancer in Ashton's *Façade*, and she also dances from time to time in the *Lac des Cygnes* pas de trois. This is her third season in the company, to which she graduated from the Wells School at the age of fourteen, creating one part in her first season—Julia's Dog in *Wedding Bouquet*. Last year she had a solo in a new ballet as Lilian Willows in *The Lord of Burleigh*. She has the natural gifts of beautiful legs and feet and a delightfully proud carriage of the head and shoulders, and a distinct talent for characterisation, as well as the softness and purity of movement that denote a young classical dancer of much promise

Snow Pilgr

Meerkämper

Trains

The Rätische Bahn *is warmly remembered by many thousands of winter sportsmen. After the fatigues of the night journey from Boulogne or Ostend, after the early call at Basel, the travellers get out at Landquart or Choire, and there they find the Rätische Bahn waiting to take them to the Parsenn resorts and the Engadin. The Rätische, not a Swiss Federal railway but a private line, is the biggest system in the canton (Grisons). Here a train is seen between Klosters and Davos*

Cars

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PoGri
on pi
in,
mover

Steiner

The Furka Oberalpbahn, *like the Rätische Bahn (above), is a privately-owned line and does not belong to the Federal system. It is one of the few steam railways left in Switzerland. The Furka runs from Brigue, at the Swiss end of the Simplon, up the valley through Gletsch, over the St. Gotthard to Andermatt, then down to Dissentis, where a connection with the Rätische is made. It is thus the line that connects the rivers Rhône and Rhine. The higher parts of the Oberalpbahn are closed in winter, but it still goes high enough to need a ski truck hitched at the back, which you can see here if you look hard*

Motorists *ngl*
the disadvan of
But in St. z,
over your o yo
Even the skapp

gn's Progress

Feuerstein

Kegresse-Citroen snow car, seen here on the Ofen Grisons), is a lightly-built, powerful unit moving on pillar tracks like a tank. As early as 1912 the in, Kegresse, built a similar car for the Czar. The moversion can ride over semi-soft surfaces like a ski-er

Pedrett

ngland in the week before Christmas learnt n of leaving cars outside for a few hours. z, if you go into lunch and sit too long you come out to find your car like this. kapped behind are buried in their element

Skis

Pedrett

***Naturally! Of course!** When you talk of locomotion in Switzerland you think of skis and toboggans on the snow itself. This photograph is typical of what goes on for the next three months in the Oberland, the Nicolaital, the Engadin, the Landwassertal, and so on: well-tracked snow, a line of nursery slopers and, beyond, the mountains*

***The postal motors** of Switzerland form an excellently co-ordinated means of travel, penetrating often where railways do not or cannot. For instance, this one, on the Julier Pass, runs between the Engadin and Lenzerheide and Choire, forming an alternative to the Rätische Bahn. But in talking of travel to the Engadin it must always be remembered that the new airfield at Samaden (Europe's highest) makes possible the quickest and most convenient route for snow pilgrims: London to St. Moritz direct by air*

Steiner

"Under Your Hat"

The Hulbert-Courtneidge Musical Comedy

Act I. Scene 1. "A Chair for Miss Porter." *Film-star Kay Porter (Cicely Courtneidge) has to take a rest after shooting a brief scene with her co-star husband, Jack Millet-Hulbert, quarrelling with him about the glamorous vamp, Carol Markoff, and berating the whole studio staff. Her dress is so tight she takes her rest standing up*

Act. I. Scene IV. Looking for a Carburettor. *Film-star Jack Millet is now a British secret agent tracking a stolen secret carburettor and the beautiful thief, vamp Carol. He follows her to a Monte Carlo luxury hotel and searches her suite under her very nose*

Act I. Scene IV. "'Ave a Cocktail, M'sieu?" *Kay Porter (Cicely Courtneidge), disguised as a very peculiar French maid, gets on the track of her husband (Jack Hulbert), who is on the track of Carol Markoff (Leonora Corbett). The amateur secret agent is getting on very nicely with his beautiful prey when he discovers that two, including his own wife, can play this tracking game*

Act II. Scene IV. A Road in France. *Here there is a slight hold-up in the plot to make room for some slapstick nonsense about hats in which Harry Budd, Jack Hulbert and Peter Haddon are involved. Local colour is lent to the scene by a French yokel (Jevan Brandon-Thomas), charm by a passing tourist (Madeline Gibson)*

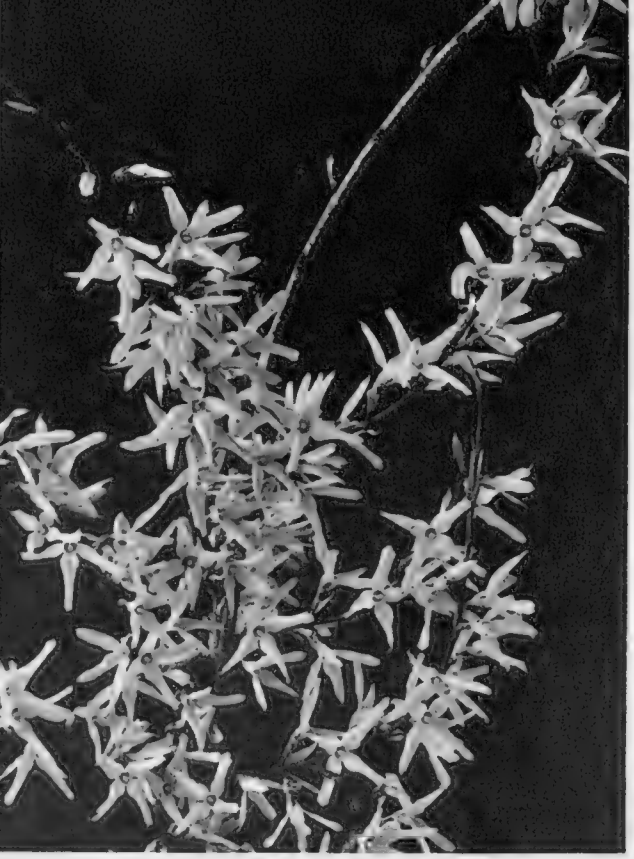
"Under Your Hat," at the Palace, is undoubtedly the musical show of the winter, thanks (1) to Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert; (2) quite a good plot; (3) Jack Hulbert's gay, rapid and witty production; (4) a pretty, excellently drilled chorus; (5) attractive settings and dresses by Clifford Pember and Doris Zinkeisen

Act II. Scene V. "The Empire Depends on You." *Kay Porter, now disguised as Mrs. Colonel Sheepshanks (and who cares why?), visits a Riviera girls' school and puts the pupils through their paces. On the left, a tiger hunt; above, Calcutta races: two whimsies of the peppery Anglo-Indian matron who shows Miss Courtneidge at her most inspired heights of absurdity*

Act II. Scene VII. "Keep It Under Your Hat." *This time the Rhythm Brothers, Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Hulbert are disguised as French mechanics, and that means the carburettor has been recovered and the story is nearly over*

Round the Year

Garden Beauties of the Four Seasons



Flower Portrait by Blanche Henrey

SPRING Forsythia intermedia var. spectabilis. Clear yellow pendant flowers smother the naked branches in February and March

Blanche Henrey

SUMMER Rosa rubiginosa var. magnifica. This form of sweet-briar has large bright carmine flowers, two inches across, in June, and is a first-class flowering bush of four or five feet

Flower Portrait by Blanche Henrey

AUTUMN Prunus subhirtella autumnalis. The winter-flowering Japanese cherry's scented white or pale pink flowers appear from November to March, weather permitting

WINTER The Great Weeping Beech in the Knap Hill Nursery, some sixty feet high by forty-four yards in diameter, and about 250 years old, is the most famous weeping tree in England

Gardener's Chronicle

By R. C. Jenkinson

A new series of articles for the victims—always increasing in number—of the happiest of obsessions

Flower Portrait by Blanche Henrey

Iris unguicularis: *the mauve Algerian iris, with sweet-scented flowers, is in bloom from November onwards. It likes a warm, sunny situation*

Prelude

GARDENING during the last decade has exercised an ever-widening appeal to rich and poor alike; wherein that appeal lies, I have never been able to decide. Enthusiasm is limited almost exclusively to English-speaking people, which makes my question more difficult to answer. Think of the difference in climatic conditions between New Zealand, South Africa, the U.S.A., and England. I believe the answer lies in the fact that interest in my garden begins on January the First, and when December the Thirty-first comes along, I am torn between an autumn hangover and spring anticipation.

"Autumn" and "Spring" in gardening parlance cover many months, and, indeed, overlap. We have autumn crocuses and snowdrops, and hardy cyclamen in both seasons, cherry and viburnum which begin in November and continue, dependent on the weather, until March. Now this does not mean that winter is a season to be neglected, to be treated as a dead period in the garden cycle; for from two points of view, those of preparation and enjoyment, the months which the gardener terms "winter" are of great importance.

Preparation, that is to say, grubbing out unwanted shrubs or plants, cleaning, trenching and manuring ground before planting, can be done at any time, and is governed to a certain extent by the most suitable time for planting any given subject, i.e., pæonies and flag irises are best moved early in September or October, therefore ground for their reception must be prepared by September 1st, if this is possible. Many of us, however, have so much to do during the gayer months, either working ourselves or just looking, learning and admiring, that we wait for December, January and February before starting any major operations. I do not know a more satisfying work than cutting and grubbing a dull, overgrown shrubbery and then having a bonfire on a frosty January evening, followed by chestnuts roasted in the red-hot ashes which smoulder and sparkle into the night.

Flower Seeds

IN this early-January note I would call your immediate attention to the consideration of the various seed lists with which we are inundated. It is during these winter evenings that we must work out colour schemes for border annuals, what we shall require to fill up gaps in herbaceous borders, and for cold or hot houses. It is fun to sketch out an annual border; so much to think about—height and shape of plant, time of flowering, colour and duration of flowering (the latter very important), texture of foliage and set. The annual border is often scoffed at, but if well planned, it can be very good; not just a vulgar blare of colour which is restless and ephemeral, but an integral part of the garden. I have it in mind, when time and space permit, to plant a long border with groups of different shrubs—forsythia, lilac, deutzia, cistus viburnum, their names are legion—broken up by big groups of various annuals. The shrubs will flower when the annuals are unplanted, or mere foliage, and after flowering will make the essential green or grey frame to display the gaiety of their successors. The annuals will continue the picture, until autumn foliage turns golden and scarlet to complete a cycle of nine months' colour. I am not going to name particular flowers: I would only say that there are others besides stocks, asters and marigolds, as you will find on consulting any good book on annuals.

Vegetables

THE kitchen garden is usually thought of as the head-gardener's private domain; a place apart, where we owners fear to tread, unless it be to ask when we may expect the first bush of asparagus. (Talking of asparagus, in 1938 I had the first dish during the last week of March, and then, thanks to the drought and frost, not another until the last week of April, and then we had a May frost.)

This is not my view of a kitchen garden. Vegetables are very attractive plants; I refer not to those magnificent exhibits at flower-shows, which demand a Honderkoeder to portray them, but to the gay plants which some of us well remember who cast our memory back to some Italian garden planted in the Great War years with beet, seakale, parsley, broad beans, tomatoes and red cabbage; and I wonder if they were less attractive than they are to-day with their heliotrope, silver cineraria, begonia, lilies, gladiolus, and so forth?

No, there is no reason why a kitchen garden should not be both productive and attractive. If, reader, you are greedy—I confess without shame to great greed—make your culinary garden an essential part of the whole layout, not just a plot apart behind the pigsty or chicken-run. The Scots have the best idea of planting vegetables: rectangles with fruit-tree hedges and nine-foot flower borders, vegetables in the centre. Ponder upon this matter, according to your own space, and make the kitchen garden a place where you will be proud to take your friends, not to show them a monstrous, stringy marrow, nor an elongated broad-bean pod containing nut-like kidneys—remember that all vegetables should be gathered young and succulent—but to see a carefully thought-out planting of groups, decorative as well as useful. Do not be hide-bound; there are so many delicious vegetables that one never grows and seldom eats. I receive annually an interesting list of comestibles for the epicure, which we can all grow, and which would greatly enrich our menus

"Bystander" Short Story No. 172

A Grizzly Affair

By Edward Anton

Illustration by Ray Toby

I HAVE the authority of Major Blohard himself—old Gorgius Blohard, formerly of the Bunkshire Yeomanry—for stating that as a deadly shot he had few equals among big-game hunters, while there were none to rival him in his possession of a cool, quick-thinking brain and an iron nerve which never failed him in any crisis.

To this I add, upon my own authority, and from my own knowledge of the man, that in the matter of spinning a yarn he was unmatched. To look at him you would never have supposed him to be the man his many exploits showed him to be, for he was short of stature, podgy of figure, and, as regards his nether limbs, uncommonly bandy. This latter peculiarity he attributed to the fact that he had ridden horses from the time he was breeched.

Many a night have I sat with him over a bottle of old port, listening eagerly to his wonderful narratives, which he invariably adorned with expletives that it would be useless to record without the gestures that accompanied them.

So many of his tales of adventure bordered so nearly on the incredible that I might have accepted them with considerable scepticism had he not affirmed, on his word as an officer and a gentleman, that they were nothing but the plain, unembellished truth, for—as he often assured me—there was nothing he detested more than exaggeration.

"I know men who make a habit of drawing the long bow," he would say, "and think nothing of it; but I should consider myself eternally disgraced if I ever permitted myself to say what is not true."

At any suggestion that he was in the habit of taking unnecessary risks, Major Blohard always laughed.

"You may call me foolhardy, if you like," he said, "but it is simply that I am like that. I was born that way. Danger means nothing to me—in fact, it attracts me. I look upon it as a challenge to my manhood, and that is a challenge which I can never ignore. Damme, no! Pass the port, old chap."

It is difficult to decide which of the Major's various narratives best exhibits his peculiar qualities of daring and resource, but, on the whole, I think his affair with a grizzly bear is the one in which his unfailing nerve, his presence of mind and his unerring instinct for the right course of action are seen to most advantage.

I can see him now, facing me as he tells the tale, his blue eyes starting out from his brick-red face, with his fierce little white moustache bristling in every hair.

"It was somewhere about '96 or '97," he said, "that I decided to break new ground. I had done India a few years before—seven tigers in one day was my best effort there, but I don't brag about it—and as for Africa, well, in a couple of seasons I had made such bags of things like elephant, rhino and giraffe that the authorities were getting rather fidgety about me.

"Still, they were very decent to me—made no actual remonstrance, because, incidentally, I had done good service in thinning down the herds of lions that swarmed the country. The natives used to follow my shoots by the thousand, for where I was they knew there would always be plenty of meat for them. They had a name for me—Matabwanga-baaskoosimbopo—which meant in English 'the-little-brave-man-with-the-gun-who-feeds-armies-with-elephant-meat.' The Masai wanted me to stay and be their great white chief, offering me fifty of their most beautiful maidens for wives, but it didn't appeal to me.

"Well, I finally decided to take a turn in the Rockies, where I had always heard that there was good shooting to be had—grizzlies, and that sort of thing, you know.

"My first care was to look out for a suitable mount. It is the one thing perhaps, about which you might say I am fussy, and I scoured Arizona, Texas and Mexico before I came upon the article I wanted. She was a piebald mare, a pedigree mustang of the famous bronco breed. She had been the property of a Mexican president, but he had recently been shot and had no further need of Cora, as the mare was called.

"I won't tell you what I paid for her. It was pretty steep, but Cora was worth every stiver of it. The rest of my equipment was a small matter, for I am not one of those fellows who take a caravan with them when they go shooting. I travel light and I'm prepared to rough it—that's a hunter's way. A big carriage-umbrella serves me as a tent, and this I slung at my saddle-bow, with my rifle on the other side. Beyond this, nothing but a bag of *pemmican*—a kind of powdered dried beef, which always serves me as an iron-ration—box of cartridges and a good supply of 'baccy, and there you are. That's all the equipment I want, and you can't beat it.

"The Rockies, as I dare say you know, are pretty stiff hills. I forget just how many thousand feet high—twenty or thirty or thereabouts. Anyway, it's no picnic climbing 'em. But, damme! that little mustang of mine made nothing of 'em—absolutely romped over 'em. Talk about cats! That little Cora would have beat the best of 'em at climbing.

"Well, I felt I was in for some pretty good sport when I saw those cliffs towering up above me. Wouldn't have suited one of your la-di-da hunters, of course: I mean those fellows who can't

(*Concluded on page* iv)

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"What 's this for, son ? Just in case some blokes don't like bein' appeased, that 's all"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Irish Again

By V. S. Pritchett

"THE FILM OF MEMORY" (Michael Joseph; 15*s.*) is Mr. Shane Leslie's autobiography. It begins with the rooks cawing in the Irish home of his childhood at Glaslough, round about 1885, and ends with a romantic spooky experience on the platform of the Gare de Lyons some time after his marriage. Between those events lie the humours of old Irish servants, the eccentricities of Irish relatives, Eton, Cambridge, the East End Missions and religious debates of forty years ago, and literary and political Ireland of the pre-war ferment. Like most of the Ascendancy Irishmen, Mr. Shane Leslie is an enormously entertaining gossip; he seems to be related to half the eccentrics and to have met the more interesting celebrities of "the three countries."

The Leslies were allied to the Beresford family. They had a tradition of freakish conduct: "My great aunt Christine Leslie had been thrown to a wild Irish rector, the Reverend Lord John Beresford of Mullybrack, in the county of Armagh. He knocked Christina about . . . ." The third Lord was a kind of Shropshire Mytton. Once he aniseeded the hoofs of a Parson's horse and hunted him with bloodhounds. He also put a donkey into a stranger's bed and shot out the eyes of the family portraits in a house he had leased. "At Curraghmore the mouths of the portraits were slit and cigars inserted." In the end he broke his neck out hunting. There was a mania for practical joking in Victorian times, and it looks pretty boorish now. It was an occupation which could only thrive when there was boundless leisure and a cult of well-fed idleness; and it is typical, that, after the Anglo-Irish of the last generation, the wealthy Andalusians in Spain are the great practical jokers.

As I have said, Mr. Leslie appears to be related to all the extraordinary people of his time. Their births, marriages, deaths, their wills and quarrels fill these pages with good stories. They are all due to Ireland, where human nature is often half-naked and always eloquent, and the intellect has the perpetual stimulus of a logic which has been exercising itself for centuries on the merits of faction. A porter spoke of an Earl with a double title: "Here comes the Earl of —— and —— and both of them drunk." The timidity of the English, what is called their respectability but which is really their overwhelming sense of their social responsibilities, their incapacity for logic and faction, kills half the stories of England. One sees the contrast in two very different anecdotes in this book. At Eastbourne, in Mr. Leslie's childhood, the body of a man was washed up by the sea.

"We watched, awestruck, with our grandfather. After the body had been searched, he turned round to us and said in funereal tones: 'There were no visiting-cards found on him.'"

And now switch over to Ireland, to Joe Devlin, being applauded for his eloquence in the streets of Belfast, even by his opponents:

"Wee Joe! Wee Joe! Up with Wee Joe!"—and then, recalling his religion, would add: "Hell to your soul all the same."

John Gielgud's Tanis

Nina Scott Langley's crayon portrait of John Gielgud's Schnauzer was made in Mr. Gielgud's dressing-room, where Tanis waits for her master, knowing almost to the minute when to expect him off stage. Miss Scott Langley is very well known as a painter of dogs and as a book illustrator

THE sequel to Herr Heinrich Mann's *King Wren* is *Henri Quatre* (Secker and Warburg; 9*s.* 6*d.*), a vivid, spirited and readable impression of an attractive subject. For Henry IV. of France is one of the enjoyable monarchs, a man of feeling, a man of sense, and a man with a success story. I did not read the earlier book, but in this one Henry is still uncertain of his fight with the League; he is winning Ivry and attacking, losing or winning elsewhere, to maintain his strategy of appearing to be ubiquitous. But he is not the dull guerilla. There is the curious state of his conscience and his politics; temperamentally he is up and down, energised by fighting and his love-affairs (for which the historians gravely forgive him, since his ladies did not influence his policy), and then blackened by the bitter aftermath of his victories, fearful of assassination and haunted in soul. There could be no excuse for the novelist who failed with this man. His cunning and his impetuosity, his sudden familiarity and gusto which delighted the mob, the good sense of his abjuration, and the practical idealism of the Edict of Nantes, give him a fullness of character. Except for lapses, when Mr. Sutton the translator has become hearty: "O the slim high curves of the twin brows! Shave them off indeed!—perish the thought"; the translation has served him well.

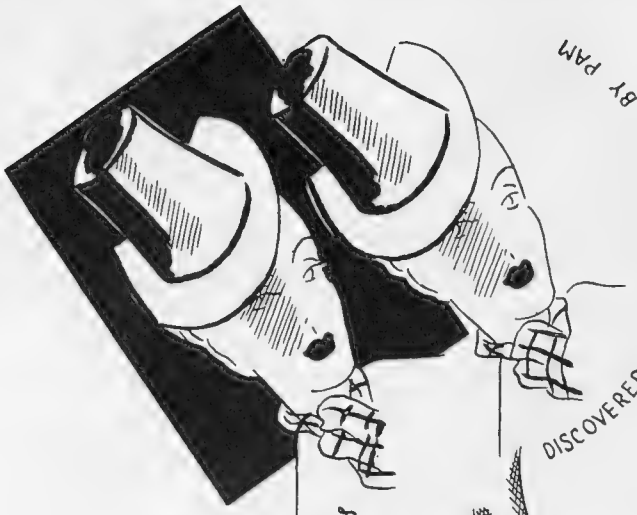
THE easiest way to write historical novels is Mr. Kenneth Roberts's, which in *North West Passage* was a kind of unexpurgated Ballantyne. It is the boy's book method. His new book, *Rabble in Arms* (Collins; 9*s.* 6*d.*), is an elaborate story of the American War of Independence, seen through the eyes of two American brothers who may be conveniently called the lowbrow and the highbrow. The highbrow has been to Harvard, and you can guess from that, even if Mr. Roberts had not doubly underlined it, that he is the Cissie. But it is good to meet the good old crudities of romantic adventure again; the wide-eyed adventuresses, the sinister French nuns the silent spies, the young heroes, blunt-mouthed generals and the lily-livered citizenry waiting to cash-in when the cat has jumped. Mr. Roberts is an able story-teller. He is also pretty thoroughly soaked in the period. A book like this is very readable on a low level; actually it falls between two stools. As a novel, what it has to say about people is rudimentary; as history, any of the main sources on the subject are far more interesting.

HERR E. G. KOLBENHEYER'S novel, *A Winter Chronicle* (Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a counterpart of Heinrich Mann's. It is a story of the Thirty Years' War, and of the effect of that devastation upon the spiritual life of an independent, exalted, though humble mind. Writing in the first person, a Breslau cobbler who has dabbled in alchemy and philosophy, tells his own life story for the guidance of his son, the story of his father and of his wanderings in a country in a state of civil anarchy. The strange half-darkness and piercing physical vigour of the Gothic spirit are in the pages of this unusual and distinguished book; and it reads in some ways like a parable of the agony which sensitive German minds might be experiencing to-day. Better than either Herr Mann or Mr. Kenneth Roberts, the writer has got into the tortured heart and aching bones of a period, into its peculiar simplicity. Where the others have gone for the externals, Herr Kolbenheyer has imagined a private drama. This lyrical, fantastic, and obscure Gothic world is a special taste and to those who have the taste, I strongly recommend this book.

Fashion as it flies . . .

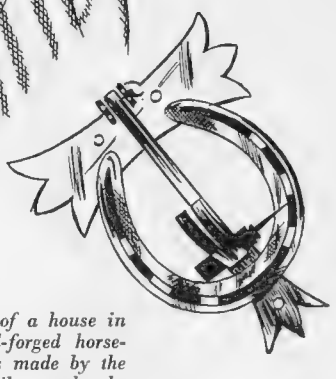
by Elizabeth

Now is the time, with Christmas and New Year excitements over, to sit back with a warm, contemplative glow, and think how successful and enjoyable they were. Such preoccupations being finished, the January sales offer their temptations. This three-piece suit comes from Jays, Regent Street, Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor. It is one which will be a real "stand-by" for all the early country fixtures. Townswomen will like it for week-ends—the checks are so cheerful. The model photographed was in navy and blue wool fabric, but there are other delightful combinations, notably a brown colour scheme and a combination of kingfisher-blue and rust. The plain coat can be made in kingfisher-blue or rust, as each picks up a colour in the check. The skirt is simply made with a slit at each side. It can, of course, be worn with the check coat alone or with the plain jacket alone. Such an outfit has many possibilities. The price is 6½ guineas in the sale

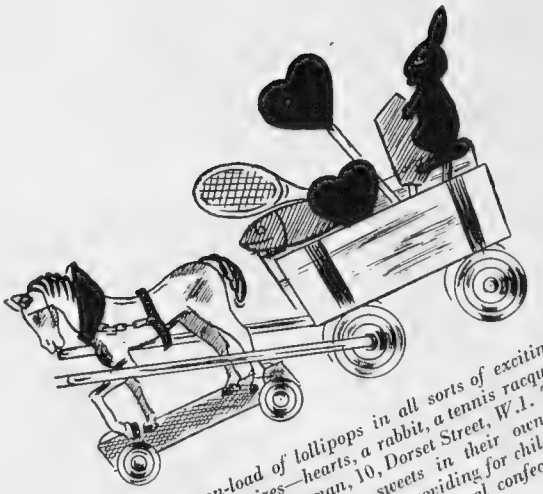


DISCOVERED BY PETA PICTURERED BY PAM

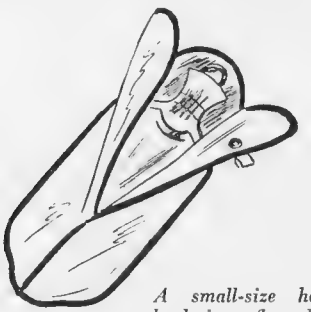
The Bystander turns in search of novelties



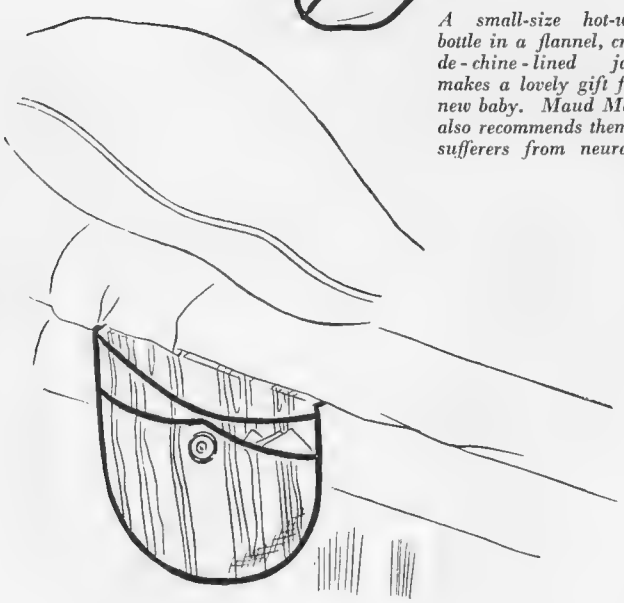
Knock, knock—on the door of a house in the country with this hand-forged horse-shoe knocker. The noise is made by the hammer striking the anvil, and the knocker is made by Mr. George Allen, of The Forge, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex



A waggon-load of lollipops in all sorts of exciting shapes and sizes—hearts, a rabbit, a tennis racquet, a fish—from Tallerman, 10, Dorset Street, W.1. The Tallerman sisters make sweets in their own flat and are particularly good at providing for children's parties. They specialise in unusual confectionery



A small-size hot-water bottle in a flannel, crepe-de-chine-lined jacket makes a lovely gift for a new baby. Maud Mason also recommends them for sufferers from neuralgia



Everything for the invalid's beauty in a neat pocket at her side. Miss Maud Mason, of 19, Orlando Road, S.W.4, makes these, in moire, piped with a contrasting colour. There is no fear of the pocket becoming dislodged, for it hangs from a wide weighted flap which is inserted beneath the mattress

Three hair ornaments from Dickins and Jones, of Regent Street. At the top is a blue velvet lily on a bandeau; the upstanding diamante head-dress would look delightful with Court feathers. Happiness ahead when you wear the trio of feathered blue birds. Mounted on a comb they cost 8s. 11d.

A Winter's Tale of North Berwick

Unplayable and deserted, its bunkers filled with snow-drifts, the Old Course at North Berwick lay drearily under the storm-cloud's shadow. The biting wind that was blowing over the fairway of the Sea Hole is better imagined than felt. But by now the snow has gone again, and a few hardy Scots are probably blowing on their fingers at the first tee

Second Chances

By Eleanor E. Helme

If I could have my golfing life again, what should I do differently?

This is not some horrible Christmas game of Confessions or Forfeits, but a genuine attempt to think over a career which has given plenty of fun in return for its troubles, with an idea of telling other folk what to avoid. A rash proceeding, perhaps. The other folk will say, with a knowing nod: "Ah, but I 'm different." Others would opine that times had changed; and the rest merely shrug their shoulders and observe that to most of us a second chance is no good, we only make the same muddles over again.

Probably all three answers have a grain of truth. Every golfer has a make-up of her own, whether in physique or temperament, let alone circumstances which must be made the best of. Any attempt to force all the pupils of a class into the same mould must end in disaster, or at all events in a wasting of talent. It is not merely that each must hit the ball according to her own build of body; some turns of mind cannot take in an instruction expressed one way, but will leap to it when put into other words. Thus far, it is safe to say "I 'm different," though there is no sense in asserting, like *Punch's* recruit, who started to march with his right foot: "All the others are out of step." What all the masters and mistresses of golf have proved sound for themselves is unlikely to be wrong in the case of some insignificant little member of an obscure club just beginning the game.

Which must not be taken as suggesting that individual thought should be stifled; far from it. The golfer who swallows all that she is taught in undigested gulps will be in a sorry state when the teacher is not there: championships, it is permissible to believe, have been lost because a brilliant pupil had to wire for advice to her home professional, instead of being able to apply what he had taught to her own needs of the moment. Have the finest teaching available, turn it over in your own mind, get the best out of it, and then, knowing the plan to be on sound lines, develop for yourself. That seems to be the right way of going about it.

As to the opinion that times have changed, nobody knows that better than I, who hit a gutty for the first ten years of my golfing life, was brought up on the belief that the Cape bunker at Westward Ho! was a very formidable carry even from a front tee, and that anything in the seventies would win round Ranelagh; who bicycled, clubs on back, to many a county match half-a-dozen miles away, and considered ten pounds riches on which to stay ten days in a hotel and compete in a championship. Times have indeed changed. If anything may be learnt from watching times change, perhaps I may at least say that I have had my chance of learning.

And for the third, the sceptics who hold that golfers are all just as feeble as the characters in *Dear Brutus*, frittering away second chances in the same old futile way, surely I can argue that my second chance is only hypothetical, and that for some youngster of the moment it is her first. What fatal mistakes did I make in my attempts to get to the top of the golfing tree, and what good ideas were there in it?

The mistakes are perhaps the easiest to remember, and the greatest of all these was thinking that I could get along without length. Here was I, a hefty thing in my teens, used to hitting other balls extremely hard, who did not bother about finding why I did not hit a golf-ball further, or how I could make myself do so, until it was too late. The fact was very apparent in the early days of county matches that it was bad putting which let me down, and so I concentrated on getting that right, and it was only when accuracy in the short game had taken me along a certain distance that I tried, ineffectually, to have the length as well. There would have been time for both, if I had started soon enough at them, instead of being content to win by sheer steadiness. Granted that the short game is infinitely more valuable than length without it, it was just so silly not to realise that one must have both. Times were changing fast, for Miss Cecil Leitch, with her hard hitting, and I without it, made our first championship appearance in the same year: to wit, 1908, at St. Andrews. That mistake was combined with the other, the lack of good lessons from a professional at just that precise and critical moment. Funds were low; to play for the county in a few open meetings and the championship were all that could be managed, even with the generosity of friends and some hard work of my own; the coaching waited another dozen years, when the sad lament had to be chanted: "Too late!"

So have your lessons early, and learn to be up to standard in length. Not necessarily above it: another ten yards or so wins very few holes, and the attempt to get them may lose many, but nobody can win championships unless they hit the ball as far as their fellows.

But if that was the mistake, on the other side let me put learning to putt and chip. Hard daily practice at these, round the garden, into a diminutive hole, a daily three dozen at least. To that I owe what golf has given me, and that is a very great deal.

A mother and daughter *who spent their snow Christmas at St. Moritz were Mrs. Claude Leigh and her chubby eight-year-old Virginia. Mrs. Leigh's fur coat and hood are well borrowed from Esquimau fashions. Her tall daughter Joyce was also with her at the Kulm*

A brother and sister *from Yorkshire's chief winter-sports family are Ralph and Molly Harbord. Molly is the youngest of six, and a 1938 debutante. Ralph is a Cresta rider, and two of his sisters, Betty and Primrose (the latter just engaged, see page 6), are bobbing experts*

Eunice Kennedy *is one of the large Kennedy family contingent staying at Suvretta House. Her intense concentration as she perched on the step of a car, was devoted to the peeling of a hard-boiled egg*

Cosmopolitan Snow Christmas

World Champion *Megan Taylor is at St. Moritz practising hard on the Palace rink for this year's battle of the world's women skaters at Prague in February. She was beaten in the British Championship last month at Wembley by Cecilia Colledge. With her here is Count Haugwitz-Reventlow*

Corviglia runners *waiting to start here are Tony Byron and Mrs. Peggy Bainbridge. By Christmas Eve the famous slopes were a yard deep in the best kind of powder snow, the heavy fall having arrived just at the right moment*

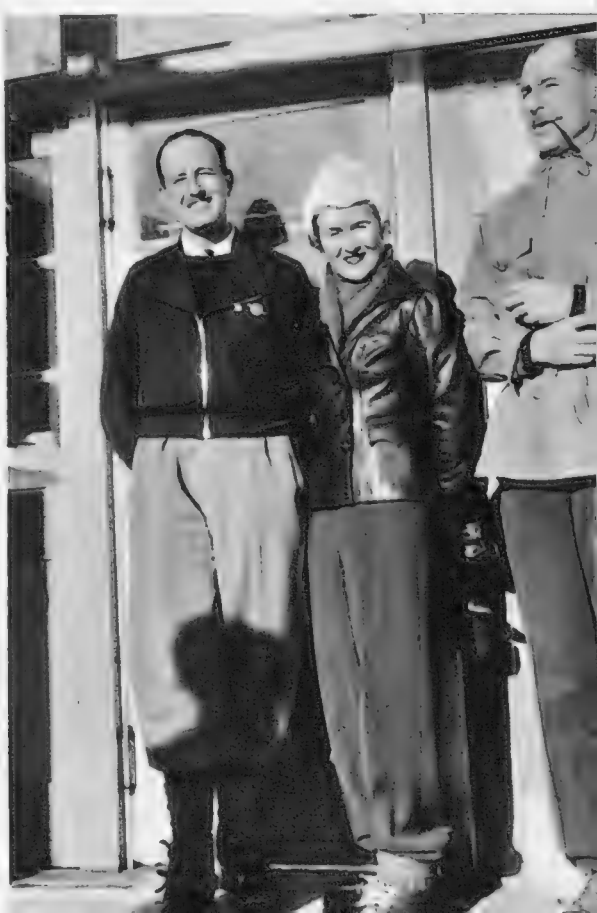
More Kennedys *at St. Moritz are Mrs. Kennedy herself and her daughter and son Jean and Teddy. The American Ambassador's family left London en masse (only one son missing) just before Christmas. Mr. Joseph Kennedy sailed a week or so earlier in the Queen Mary, and expects to be in the United States until February*

Lord Milford Haven *and* ***Princess Alexandra of Greece*** *were both at St. Moritz with their mothers. Lady Milford Haven and her daughter left before Christmas, but her nineteen-year-old son (who succeeded when his father died last April) stayed on for an extra day or two. Seventeen-year-old Princess Alexandra and her mother, Princess Aspasia of Greece, were staying at the Palace Hotel*

More Americans *are a brother and sister pair from Washington (left). They are Harry Darlington and his attractive sister Elaine, stepchildren of George Garrett. They had just come out of their hotel, the Palace*

The Corviglia trio *on the right are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Parke and Vicomte Benoist d'Azy, the new secretary of the Club. The Parkes live in New York; he is a founder member of the Corviglia Club, and his wife was Emmy Whelen, a famous musical comedy star of George Edwardes' days at Daly's*

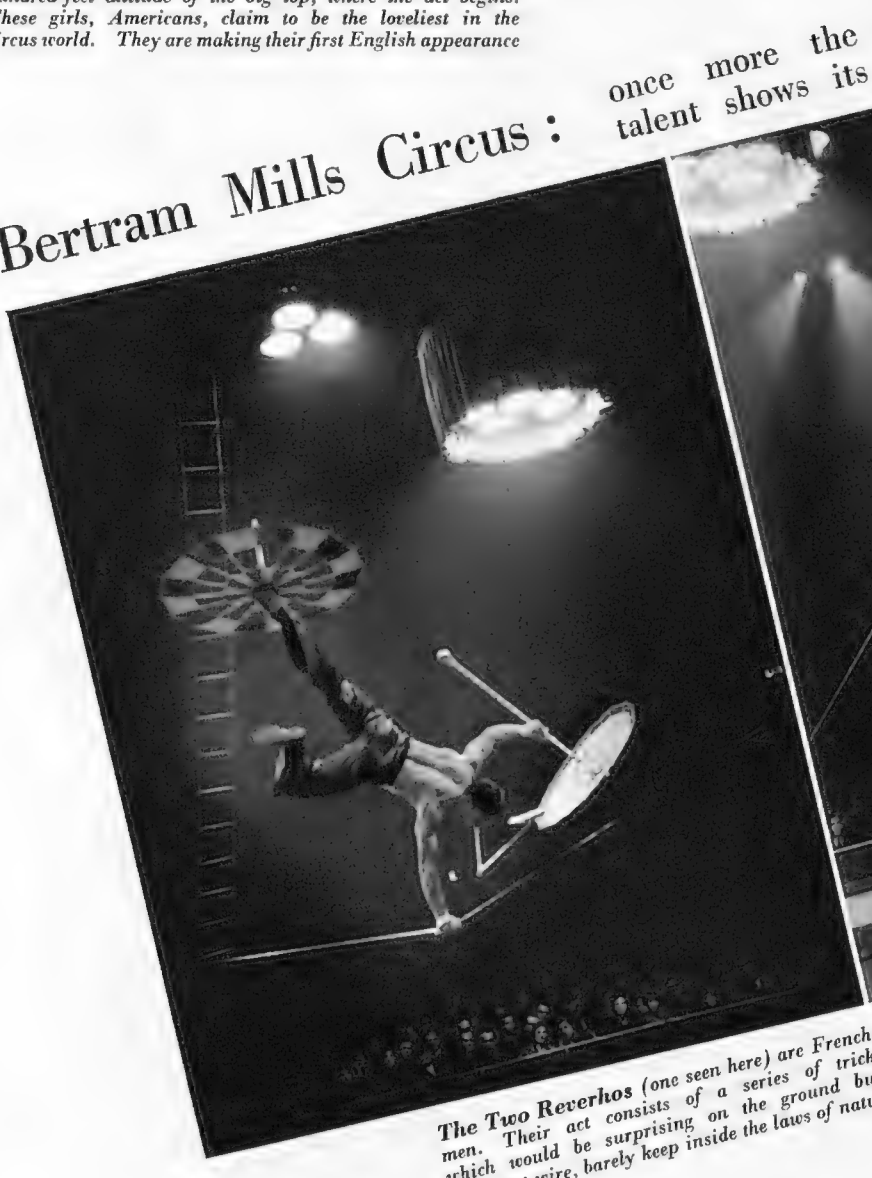
The sleighing trio *below, rugged and furred, in one of St. Moritz's familiar sleighs, are Mme. Max Ausnit, Marjorie de Wardener and Florrie Owen. The two girls live in Paris, and Mme. Ausnit is the wife of the Roumanian oil magnate*



The Four Queens of the air start their way up to the hundred-feet altitude of the big top, where the act begins. These girls, Americans, claim to be the loveliest in the circus world. They are making their first English appearance

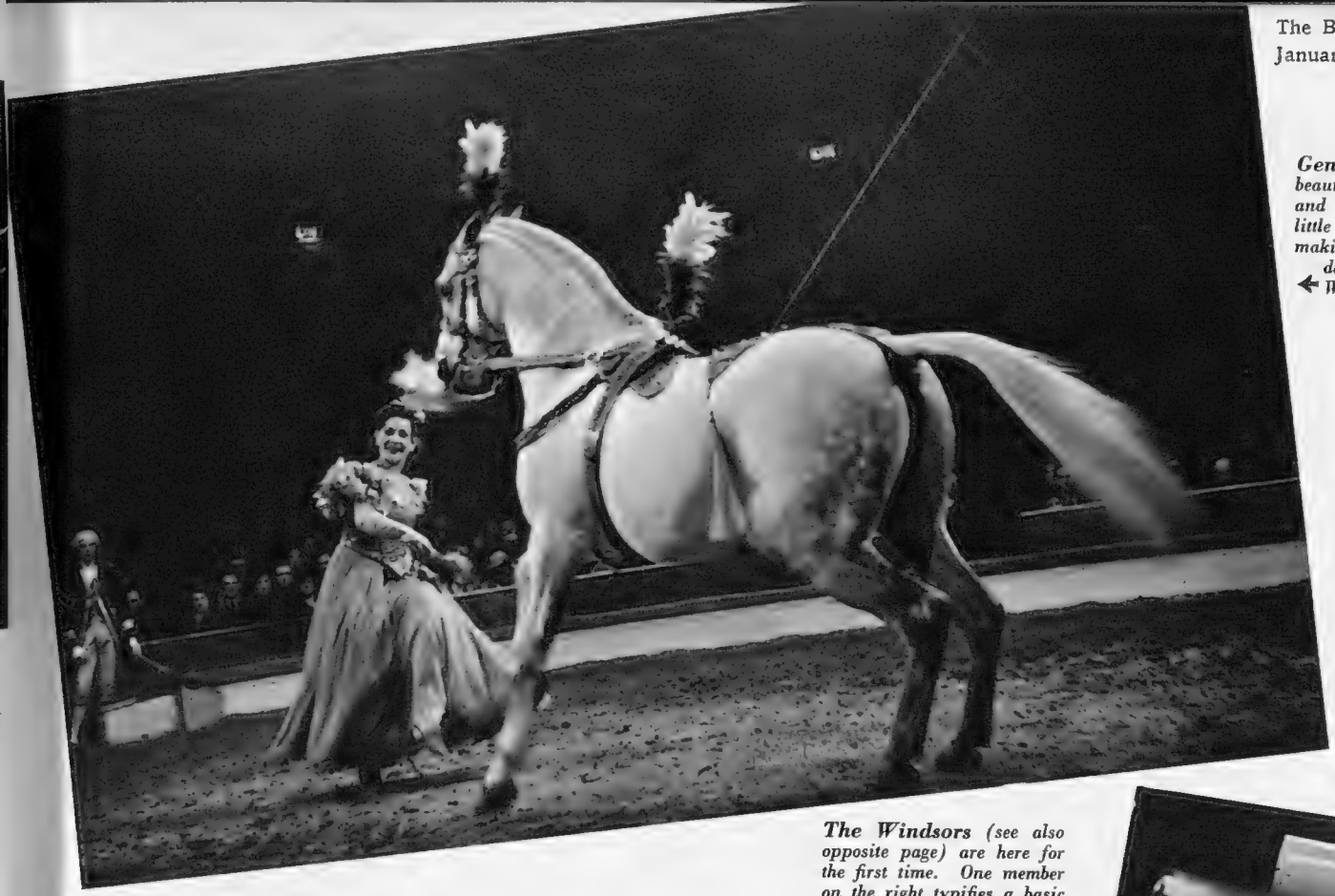
***Hagenbeck's polar bears** perform the usual undignified and startling tricks that one learns to expect from the trained animals of the circus: they slide down chutes (here), play with bottles of beer, push each other about in cars. Newcomers to London, they were quickly made at home by the Christmas weather*

Bertram Mills Circus: once more the motley gathering of tent talent shows its paces in the Olympia ring



***The Two Reverhos** (one seen here) are French-men. Their act consists of a series of tricks which would be surprising on the ground but, on a taut wire, barely keep inside the laws of nature*

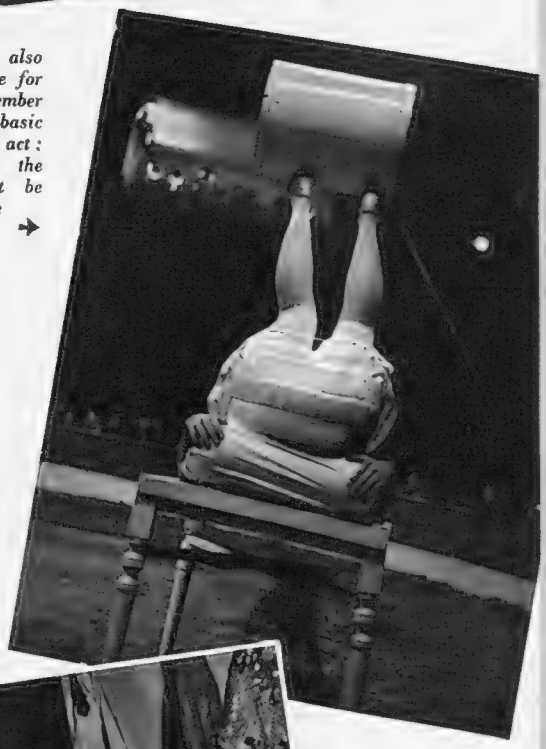
***The Windsor Troupe,** one man and five women, are Risley and juggling artists. Here again the laws of Archimedes and Newton appear to be set at naught. The man on the ground is the manager of the troupe*

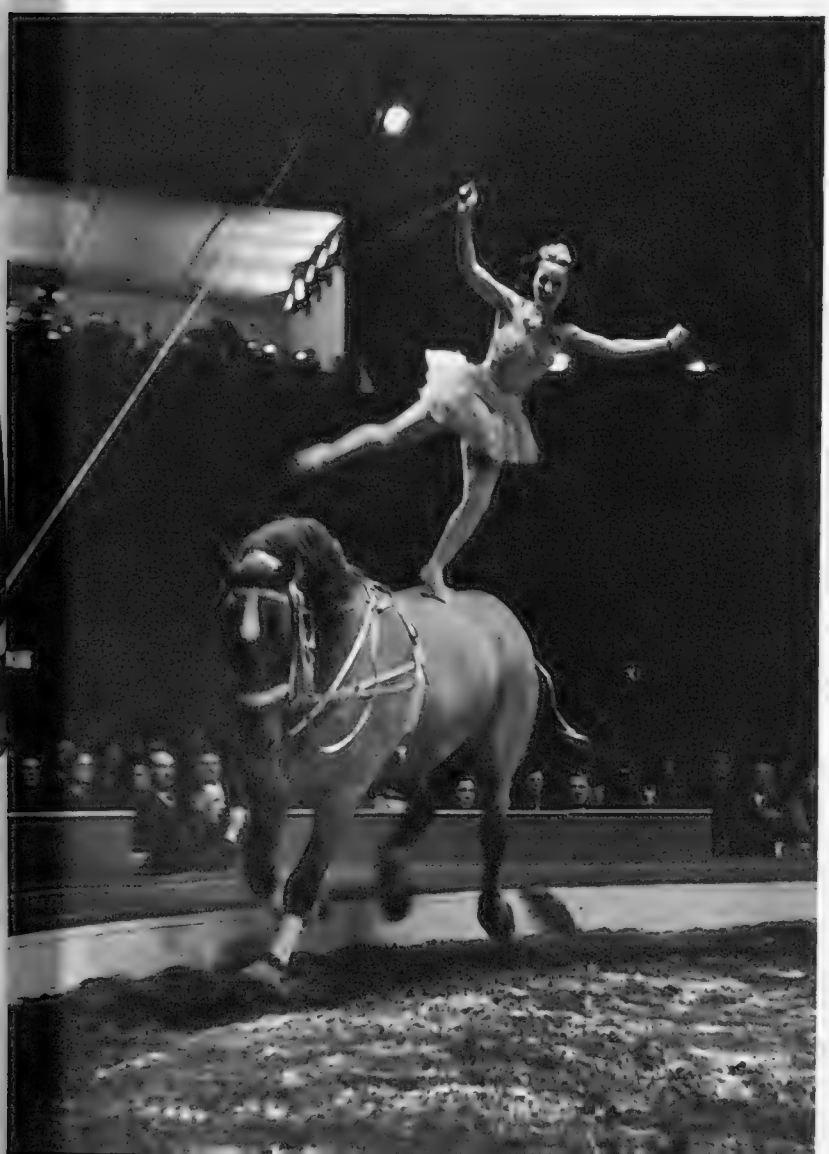


***Gena Lipkowska** is beautiful and Polish, and appears to have little difficulty in making six fine horses dance the Lambeth Walk with her* ←

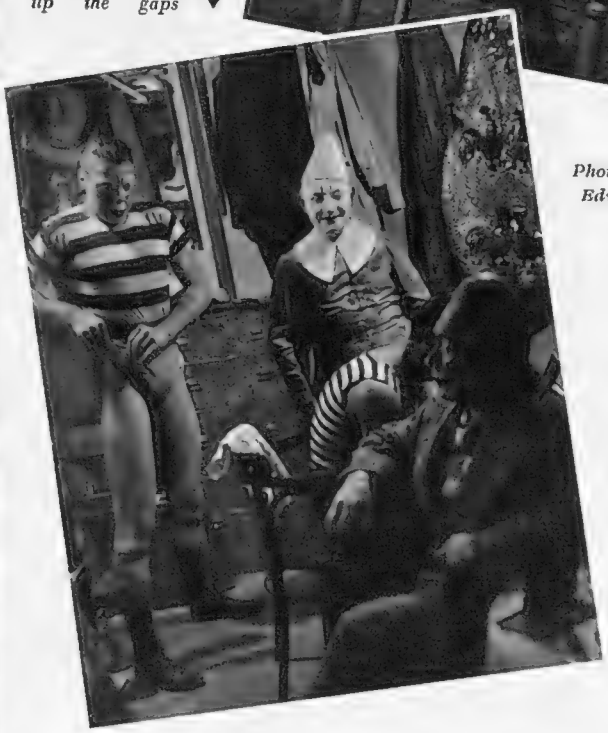
***Machiquita and Cosetta** revive with great success the old-fashioned act which is considered most typical of circus tradition: bare-back ballet, which includes a dive through a paper hoop. The horse's partner in the pas de deux is Machiquita* ↓

***The Windsors** (see also opposite page) are here for the first time. One member on the right typifies a basic principle of a circus act: to do something with the feet which would not be startling if done with the hands — and vice versa* →





***Clowns:** Joe Cranston, Pinocchio, Smiler, Nardo Brasso, Coconut, Percy Huxter, Busti, these are some of the names of the score of men who have to expend many calories every evening in funnily filling up the gaps* ↓



Photographs by Edwin Smith

St. George II. Won the Stayers' at Cheltenham

Racing was resumed after the frost on Wednesday of last week, when Mr. A. G. J. Leveson-Gower's St. George II. won the Stayers' handicap steeplechase of four miles, in the absence of Blue Shirt. Here he leads (Mr. R. Petre up) Don Bradman and Carefree at a fence; the latter came third

Boxing Day Meets in Ma

The Earl of Harrington's met on Wednesday instead of Monday last week, owing to the weather conditions. These two at the meet are Mr. Luke Lillingston, the Master, and the young Lord Harrington

Howard Marshall on Sport

NEXT Saturday we have the final England Trial at Twickenham, and with ghoulish delight we may gloat over the troubles of those patient men, the selectors. The trouble about being a Rugby selector is that you can never be right. There will always be argument about any team you pick, and most of it will come from the North, where they suffer, if I may judge by correspondence, from a persecution complex.

This year I don't think it matters a great deal what the selectors decide. In their preliminary sorting they have produced for our inspection a number of very competent players, and they could settle upon half-a-dozen different combinations which would serve equally well.

Their main difficulty is to decide upon a policy. Are they to be orthodox, or shall they take the opportunist road, and snatch victories out of their opponents' mistakes? Are they, in short, to choose a brilliant little individualist like J. Ellis at scrum-half, or should they plump for a traditionalist like P. Cooke of Richmond?

If you make the trek to Twickenham you will find the contrasting methods of these two players extremely interesting. Ellis, I 'll warrant, will delight you with his nimble buccaneering, but you may decide that he delays his pass too long, and that behind him the England backs cannot hope to play constructive football.

Cooke's long, swift passes will impress you, and I suggest that you watch his defensive covering, for he bobs up all over the field to stop and tackle and fall in moments of crisis. Two very worthy players, in short, though for my part I am inclined to plump for orthodoxy, since this year we seem likely to have really dangerous wing three-quarters. R. H. Guest is probably the best footballer of the lot, a beautiful runner, and I must admit I am surprised that A. L. Warr, of Richmond, has not been given a chance on the left wing, well though C. B. Holmes has shaped in the trials.

A FINAL word about the Trial. We may talk as much as we please about the backs, but the forwards really call the tune, when all is said and done. And the probable England pack has hardly come up to scratch so far. The front row has been high and humped, and there has been no sign of that brick-wall solidity which we expect from England scrummagers.

I should be inclined, if I were a selector, to cut loose and try an entirely new disposition of forces. I should put Teden, of Richmond, H. Toft and R. E. Prescott in the front row, Huskisson and Marshall in the second row, and C. D. Laborde in the middle of the back row to lead the pack and make his forwards scrummage. And on the flanks of the back row I think J. Mycock and J. R. Spear, now of Blackheath, might do very well. This would give us eight lively young forwards, a compact front row, weight in the second row, and binding power, a back row prepared to work, and a leader who has the gift of inspiration and does not think of a pack merely as a glorified drain-pipe.

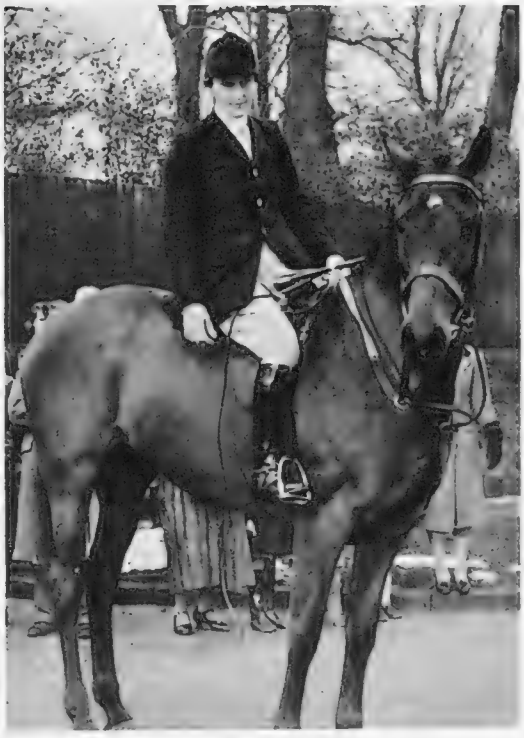
It is perhaps too late now for such experiments, and we shall have to hope for the best. In the meanwhile, it is good to know that R. C. S. Dick will probably be available for Scotland, after all, this year. I do not mean that, from an English point of view, we shall welcome the thought of that slashing stride of his in the Calcutta Cup match, but he is such a grand player that the game could ill afford to lose him.

NOW for boxing, and this New Year of ours seems likely to see a boom in the sweet science. Len Harvey, most remarkable of champions when his record is considered, looks like being inordinately busy if present plans mature. It is said, and there is substantial backing behind the statement, that Braddock, Baer, Bob Pastor, and—if he copes with this pretty little trio—ultimately the great Joe Louis himself will be brought over here to meet him at Earl's Court.

This would be something quite new in British boxing—the mountains coming to Mahomet with a vengeance. There is no doubt, however, that such a series of fights would fill any arena in this country to capacity, and it is even possible that sufficiently tempting offers could be made to lure these big-money bruisers. It is, I think, a pity that Braddock should be induced to emerge from his retirement. It would prove very little if Harvey beat him, though I suppose there would always be an audience for a former world's champion. And what about Tommy Farr? It is surely time that his breach with the authorities in this country were patched up, and I am bound to say that on this issue my sympathies are with Farr. He would, at any rate, be welcomed over here again, and he would do much better for

Champion and Runner-up: Brothers

Ralph Nichols, holder of the English men's singles Badminton championship for five years, beat his brother Leslie (left) in the final of the North London Championships at the Alexandra Palace



...arts of the Country Had to be Postponed: as Was the Earl of Harrington's

A family party at the "Boxing Day" meet of the Earl of Harrington's was made up by the Drury Lowes, Captain John Drury Lowe being seen off ahorse by his wife and son, Patrick

Mrs. Luke Lillingston is joint-Master of Harrington's with her husband—they took over in 1936. The "Boxing Day" meet was at Smalley Hall, Mrs. Frederick Cattle's home

himself than he will by trailing his coat in America.

One match I would like to see, and that is a contest between Homicide Henry Armstrong and Ernie Roderick, of Liverpool, for the world welter-weight title. Roderick is having trouble with his hands at the moment, but when they have mended properly, and that should be reasonably soon, he will take a deal of stopping.

Now what about cricket? The second Test between England and South Africa, will be practically over when you read these notes. Unless the spinners of Xenophon Balaskas spread havoc among the England batsmen, the result will probably be shaping for another inevitable draw. There were some interesting points about the first match, not least of them the form of P. A. Gibb as an opening batsman. To score 93 and 106 in any class of cricket is a tolerably good performance, and against the South African bowling, which is by no means to be despised, it was a considerable triumph.

Gibb is rapidly entrenching himself as Hutton's partner, for he has a Yorkshire solidity about him which more than compensates for any lack of elegance. Actually, I doubt whether his worth has ever been fully appraised in this country, despite the fact that he invariably seems to make runs on the big occasion.

It looks, I fear, as if Edrich will have to stand down for a bit. Somehow he cannot find his form for England, and even as a Middlesex number one he is prone to take rather premature risks, though in county cricket his luck seems to hold. He is a fine player, and a grandly adventurous one, but although he dislikes the prospect strongly, he will surely have to be put lower down in the batting order. When the shine is off the ball, he might really justify himself.

Verity must have bowled extremely well, and Goddard's hat-trick was a notable event, but South Africa, let us admit, carried off the honours of war. Their reply to our first innings total of 422 was wholly praiseworthy, and on this showing the final result of the rubber is a very open question.

Snowman

Did you ever see "The Invisible Man"? This is how the half-gruesome, half-hilarious film started, but in this case the goggles and wrappings would reveal G. Brigham, a supporter of the University ski teams at Sestriere

Sequel to Sestriere: England Beat Switzerland at St. Moritz

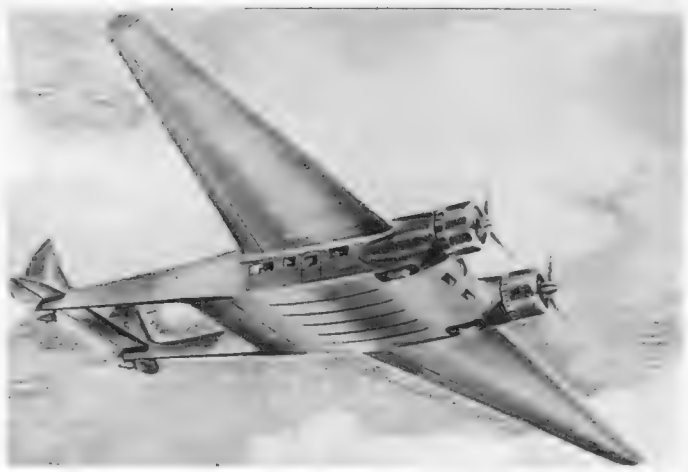
Having beaten Italy at Sestriere and fought out their own private quarrel there to Cambridge's advantage, the ski-ers of Oxford and Cambridge beat Switzerland over the Corviglia run by the narrow margin of 1·88 points—the first Swiss defeat since 1932. The team was R. D. Wilson, Donald Garrow, Robert Redhead, R. L. Waddell, Michael Muir, C. Dodd and (out of this picture) Jimmy Palmer-Tomkinson

A Bad Thing for Tommy Farr

Tommy Farr was said to be "fighting for his reputation" when he met Lou Nova, of California, at Madison Square Garden, but although he lost the fight after a hard fifteen rounds, he did not lose his reputation, through his game acceptance of defeat

Flying Prospects for '39

By Charles Ward



An artist's impression of the "Flying Wing," built by Cunliffe Owen Aircraft at Southampton. Passenger accommodation is provided in the centre section. Tests of this interesting type, several of which have been flown in the States, are due this month

R.A.F. and Civil Aviation

For the Royal Air Force and the transport companies, the schools and clubs, the manufacturers and those learning to fly, 1939 will be a busy year. One section only is unlikely to benefit or to increase in numbers, and that is the owner-pilot class, for whom the trade has had little time to cultivate in the way of offering up-to-date aircraft to buy and fly. The attractions of private flying have diminished in other ways. Rules and regulations increase and multiply almost daily. England is a small country for the vast amount of Service, instructional and commercial flying that takes place, all of which must have precedence over aviation for pleasure. On the Continent, whole frontiers have been closed to the civilian and even when he obtains special permits weeks in advance, there is no guarantee that some international incident may not upset his plans en route. The advance in 1939 will be towards the completion of the R.A.F. as the finest fighting service in the world, and the extension of the Empire mail scheme to Canada. At home, the domestic air routes will get a new lease of life through a subsidy, and the Civil Air Guard should be well under way with new aircraft by midsummer.

Records, Past and Future

Outstanding record flights of the past year have been those for distance from point to point, for both seaplanes and land aircraft. "Mercury," the upper component of "Maia," flew non-stop from Dundee to the mouth of the Orange River, beating the previous record by 800 miles. The composite scheme devised by Major Mayo and put into practice by Short Brothers, has proved thoroughly practical. Flights across the Atlantic and non-stop to Egypt several times are other achievements to the credit of "Mercury," not forgetting her pilot, Captain Bennett of Imperial Airways. One of the "Ensign" landplanes is being modified to launch a sister of "Mercury," which will have a retractable chassis and will alight at an aerodrome instead of on water. Considerably increased speed is possible, with no loss of pay-load. The second record was gained by the Royal Air Force with a magnificent flight of three in formation from Egypt to Australia non-stop. The aircraft used were Vickers "Wellesley" monoplanes, each with a Bristol "Pegasus" engine. The importance of the feat lies partly in proving the efficiency for weight-lifting of geodetic construction, but also by proving that a standard R.A.F. bomber has adequate range for its job. The "Wellington," a twin-engined version of the same construction, is also being built in large numbers. In 1939, it is proposed to attack the world's speed record for landplanes, using a "Spitfire" fighter. The absolute speed record is held by an Italian seaplane, and it is doubtful whether this will be surpassed in the current year.

The New Liners

"Flamingo," the latest de Havilland contribution to air-liner development, has been flight-tested at Hatfield and found well up to form. Cruising speed with twelve passengers, baggage and mails exceeds 200 miles an hour. Bristols share in its success, for the engines are two "Perseus," a sleeve-valve type of which great things are expected. Fairey's liner will be three times the size of "Flamingo," with a top speed of 300 miles an hour and a range of 1700 miles. The cabin will be supercharged, a feature which is also specified in one of the Short landplanes. The latter are half as big again as the Fairey monoplane and their normal range will be 3000 miles. Altogether, 1939 should give us a slight lead in the race for supremacy on the world's air routes. Our most formidable competitors are the Americans and the Germans, both of whom have larger and faster types on the stocks. A speed of 300 miles an hour and a maximum operating height of 30,000 ft. are likely to remain upper limits for commercial purposes for some years. It is satisfactory to know that we are building to that upper economic and practical limit at the present time.

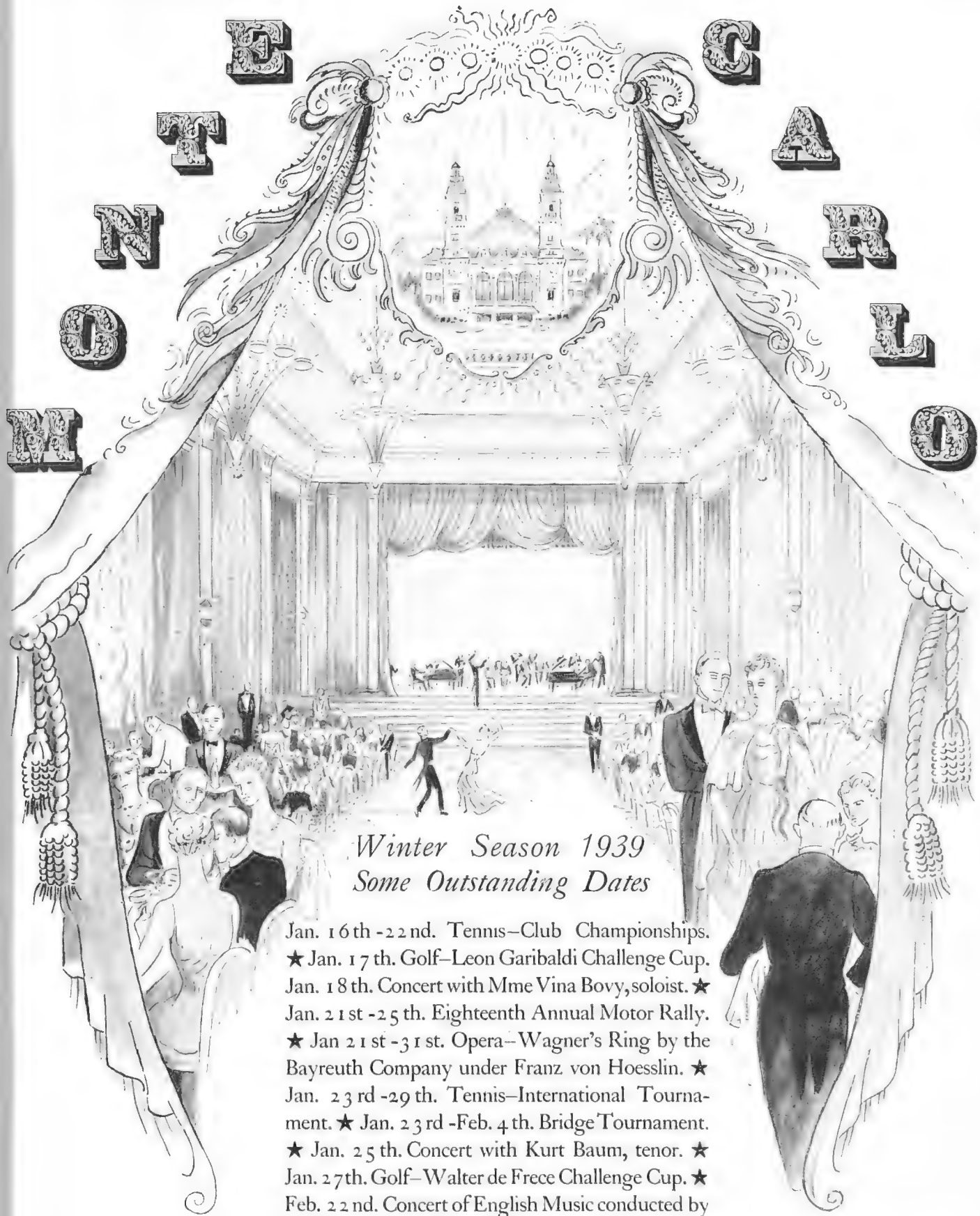
The Flying Navy

The Admiralty has taken over full control of recruiting for the Fleet Air Arm, which will in future be naval in every sense of the word. No further transfers of officers from the R.A.F. short- and medium-service branches will be entertained. One thousand men are required this year to train as air mechanics, age limits being 17½ to 25. With the "Ark Royal" just commissioned, the Navy has seven aircraft-carriers, with five additional under construction. Every capital ship and cruiser carries one or more aircraft, so that the chance of seeing the world in the revived "R.N.A.S." is almost as good as that in the R.A.F. Personnel in the Fleet Air Arm is expected to reach 10,000 in four years' time, with the ultimate objective of becoming one-third of the Navy. Aerodromes are being taken over, shore bases and dockyards for flying-boats being constructed, so that the Navy which flies will be quite self-contained. Competition for aircraft, such as existed between the R.F.C. and the R.N.A.S in the war, August 1914 to April 1918, cannot recur. The types required are essentially different in performance, though research on general flying qualities is of value to both, and the results will be available to both Services.

A view in the cabin of "Frobisher," built by de Havillands for Imperial Airways. Five of this class are to be used on European routes and several more for the South American service to be operated by British Airways

Eleven Years Later

It was in the winter of 1927-8 that Sir Alan Cobham and his crew explored the West Coast of Africa with a view to establishing an air route from England to the Cape, supplementary to that which was to operate through the territories on the eastern side of the Continent. Such places as Casablanca, Agadir, Port Etienne, Villa Cisneros, Las Palmas, and Bathurst were included in the stopping-places of the "Singapore" flying-boat which was used for that pioneer flight of survey. To-day, they are being revisited by the Lockheed liner of British Airways, just eleven years later. The establishment of the route has had to await Treasury approval, without which no subsidy for air enterprise is possible.



Winter Season 1939
Some Outstanding Dates

Jan. 16th-22nd. Tennis–Club Championships. ★ Jan. 17th. Golf–Leon Garibaldi Challenge Cup. Jan. 18th. Concert with Mme Vina Bovy, soloist. ★ Jan. 21st-25th. Eighteenth Annual Motor Rally. ★ Jan 21st-31st. Opera–Wagner's Ring by the Bayreuth Company under Franz von Hoesslin. ★ Jan. 23rd-29th. Tennis–International Tournament. ★ Jan. 23rd-Feb. 4th. Bridge Tournament. ★ Jan. 25th. Concert with Kurt Baum, tenor. ★ Jan. 27th. Golf–Walter de Frece Challenge Cup. ★ Feb. 22nd. Concert of English Music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. ★ April 1st. Ballet Season opens.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Some Amateur Golf in 1938

I THINK we can all feel satisfied with the standard of play of our amateur golfers in 1938. It is true we let the Amateur Championship cup go to America once more, but we did at last beat our American friends in the Walker Cup match, and Frank Pennink's performance in the St. George's Grand Challenge Cup competition was a really fine exhibition of how the game should be played.

THE President's Putter meeting was, as usual, the first amateur event of importance to be played. It resulted at last in a victory for C. J. H. Tolley, who was playing in the final of this event for the fourth time. Tolley first got into the final as long ago as 1921, when he took E. W. E. Holderness to the seventeenth green. He again met Holderness in the final of 1923 and suffered defeat on the same green as in 1921, and he yet again met the same man — by now Sir Ernest Holderness—in the final of 1929, when he was comfortably beaten by four and three.

It certainly appeared that Tolley was fated never to win this tournament. His play in the final was far from convincing, probably due to a nasty feeling that he was not meant ever to win. He only won the final on the last green against K. B. Scott, the captain of Oxford, who is a very good golfer, but still very young and inexperienced.

THE Halford Hewitt Cup tournament, owing to the increased number of entries, had to be started on a Thursday, and play on the Friday and Saturday began at seven o'clock. On one day my partner and I had finished our day's golf before 9.15 a.m., a not very satisfactory state of affairs, especially as we played bottom for our team.

Everyone, I am sure, was pleased to see a new name go on the cup—namely, "Marlborough"—and it was certainly to the good of the tournament that the long run of Charterhouse, whose players had won for the last four years, came to an end.

The Old Marlburians were a team and not a collection of the best golfers the school could produce, and their knowledge of each other's capabilities helped to turn the scales when it came to a pinch, or pinches.

They beat Harrow in the final by three matches to one, their last pair deciding to call their match a half, when the news came back that Marlborough had won. Although the course at Deal was very brown in places, due to sea water standing on it for several weeks after a flood caused by a gale at the same time as an excessively high tide, it actually played well, and no one could, with justice, blame the course for a shot going astray.

WE won the Walker Cup match for the first time since it was started, in 1922. We won by seven matches to four with one match halved. When an eight-a-side match is won by three points you can expect to find that the winners have enjoyed a reasonably comfortable victory. This match was most certainly no comfortable victory; it was won by the barest of margins after many brave fights and after the fate of each side had hung in the balance so many times that keen supporters were suffering from nervous prostration. It was very pleasing to see at the end of the match that there was not a single player on our side who showed a debit balance. Those who lost their foursomes — there were only two — won their singles, and, what is more, won them when it appeared that everything depended on them. Harry Bentley only played in the foursomes and halved this match, a result largely due to his courageous play and the way he nursed a partner who was palpably very nervous and who made an extremely shaky start. Bentley and his partner were continually three down and still two down with three holes to play, when they finished in tremendous style in three, three, four, and the four was within a fraction of an inch of another three. It is impossible to estimate how valuable the saving of this point was; some even consider it was responsible for our victory.

WHEN all played so well it is difficult to say to whom most praise is due. Of the players, most praise must go to Hector Thomson, who had two comfortable victories and was, in my opinion, a little unlucky not to win the Amateur Championship. Most praise of all must surely go to a man who did not play, but who could have done so if he had wished—namely, our captain, John B. Beck. As soon as he had accepted the captaincy, Beck spent every possible moment he could spare getting to know the members of his team or likely members of it.

The result was that (I know this for certain) all our team thoroughly enjoyed before the match and after the match, and I am sure some of them even during the match, and were ready, physically and mentally, to give of their best on the great day.

The same players might easily have lost under the captaincy of another man.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE regulations for next year's R.A.C. Rally and Coachwork Competition have now been issued by the Club.

As previously reported in these columns, the rally will be held from April 25th to 29th, and will consist of a road section of approximately 850 miles, a number of special tests, and the Coachwork Competition.

There will be four routes, competitors starting at noon on Tuesday, April 25th, from London, Torquay, Stratford-on-Avon, and Blackpool respectively. All routes will converge on Scarborough, where competitors will arrive on Wednesday morning, after travelling approximately 450 miles at an average speed of 26 m.p.h. After an interval for early breakfast, they will be dispatched at timed intervals over a secret route of 168 miles, taking in parts of the Yorkshire and Derbyshire moors, arriving at Buxton the same evening.

The morning run will include a "colonial" section of about three miles, which may be by-passed under penalty of losing five marks. Competitors will be required to average 24 m.p.h. during this day's run. A margin of five minutes early or late on this schedule will be allowed, but one mark will be deducted for each minute in excess of this margin at any control.

Competitors will remain the night at Buxton, their cars being "in control." They will be restarted at intervals on Thursday morning at the commencement of their 213 miles journey to Brighton. The first twenty-five miles of the route will be secret. Competitors will be required to average 30 m.p.h. for the journey, including calling at Aylesbury, which will be the only control between Buxton and Brighton.

Immediately on arrival at Brighton, competitors must carry out a stop-and-restart test on a hill, before parking their cars "in control" for the night. On Friday morning, after a night in the open, the car must be started up and driven forward five yards in the space of one minute; two tests of acceleration and braking will follow, after which competitors may disperse to prepare their cars for the Coachwork Competition the following day.

The R.A.C. has endeavoured to increase the severity of the road section of next year's rally by the retention of one night on the road, the use of secondary and unclassified roads on the second and third days, the inclusion of the colonial section, the adjustment of the average speeds, and by keeping the cars "in control" for two nights. On the other hand, the tests will not be of such a "trick" nature as in previous rallies, and this year's have been designed as a test of the car rather than of the driver.

The regulations for the Coachwork Competition are similar to last year's, save that they now include what is hoped to be a watertight definition of a drop-head coupé. They have also been amended to cover any expenditure incurred for additional fittings, decoration, etc.

The competition, which will take place on the Madeira Drive, Brighton, on the Saturday morning, will consist of open cars, two-door closed cars, four-door closed cars, and drop-head coupés, and there will be five price classes in each group—making a total of twenty classes in all.

The cars will be judged for appearance, comfort, visibility, ease of ingress and egress, luggage-carrying arrangements, and accessibility of spare wheel and tools.

As an inveterate smoker myself, I know what a tremendous difference a smoke makes to the quality of one's work. I salute the Daimler Company's recent decision, therefore, to allow smoking at any time to most of the 5000 workers in their Coventry works. In the past, smoking in the factory has been restricted to one hour in the morning and half an hour in the afternoon.

The ban was lifted recently as an experiment. It has proved so successful that smoking at any time of the day is to be allowed in future. The only exceptions are in sections such as the paint and woodworking departments, where the relaxation is dangerous. The Daimler works manager reports that it was found during the recent experiment that actually few men smoked much more than they used to. But they seemed happier and more contented to feel that there was no restriction, and that they could smoke should the spirit so move them.

"Much of our work is highly skilled precision engineering, and this, at long stretches, can be trying on the nerves," he said. "An occasional cigarette acts as a tonic, and results in better workmanship."

THE grievances of the railway companies have been so much and so eloquently in the news lately, that it is interesting to hear a spokesman for the other side. This is how the leader-writer in *Highways and Bridges* puts the rival case:

"The Square Deal for which the railways are asking is that they shall be freed from various restrictions, amongst which is the statutory regulation of the charges for the conveyance of merchandise, etc.

"It is not necessary here to enter into the justice or otherwise of the Railways' case further than to say that they are up against a form of competition which is taxed to the extent of one-tenth of the national revenue, that is subject to restrictive regulations to a degree approaching prohibition, and, most important, that is denied suitable roads upon which to operate and so make the best use of its efficiency, and yet can manage to provide a service superior to the rail. That the way out of the present deadlock should be found is admitted, but that a Government so obviously biased in favour of the railways will find a generally acceptable way out is improbable. Perhaps, however, this bringing of the matter to an issue may have a beneficial effect, now or later."

We hope so. It should be possible for two such vital services, road and rail transport, to co-operate to the increased efficiency of both.

Meanwhile, road users are still waiting for Mr. Burgin to—bur-gin!

Snow on the Road

The old-fashioned Christmas that England shared with the rest of Europe meant overwork at the Automobile Association headquarters. Six to seven thousand telephone calls a day from A.A. members were answered from this road map, which was constantly changed as the scouts sent in reports of conditions

The Editor's Box

Reference Books for 1939

Invaluable to the man who takes an intelligent interest in the world around him, who likes to check the facts he gives or is given, are the reference books hereinafter reviewed. There are few subjects which they do not, among them, illuminate

"*Debrett's Peerage*"

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage" is the full title of the monumental tome (double pagination of over 3000 pages) which contains details of the bearers of titles and orders and, in the higher grades, of their families, collaterals, and predecessors. The family history of many of the more ancient houses makes enthralling reading, while in the case of new honours, five hundred and forty of 1938's are recorded. Royal Warrant holders for the present reign, the badge for the House of Windsor, and similar new matter is also included. Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, the editor, has once more achieved a masterly piece of compilation. "Debrett" is published by Dean and Son, Ltd., and costs five guineas.

"*Who's Who*"

"Who's Who," now in its 91st year of issue, needs no introduction to the public. It is perfectly well known that to be in *Who's Who* is the criterion of first success. It is perfectly well known that a large number (in fact, over 40,000) of famous and well-known people are briefly but concisely "covered." It is perfectly well known that to discover where a dictator was at school, or to what club your distinguished neighbour-at-dinner belongs, you only have to turn to *Who's Who*. Published by A. and C. Black, it costs three guineas.

"*Kelly's Handbook*"

"Kelly's Handbook of Distinguished People" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 40*s*.) differs in a subtle way from *Who's Who* in its interpretation of what constitutes distinction. In the *Handbook*, governors, proconsuls, magistrates, deputy-lieutenants, and land-owners are awarded pride of place; thus a large class of influential and important people is included that cannot be found in other reference books. In addition, *Kelly's Handbook* includes the more usual run of people distinguished in politics and the arts.

"*The Royal Blue Book*"

This is another of Kelly's publications: its full title is Kelly's *Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide*, and it costs half-a-guinea. It lists alphabetically and in streets the residents of the better-class districts of London (Chelsea to Bloomsbury, Hampstead to Kensington), has a trades section especially useful to the West-End shopper, and gives a deal of useful information on Royal households, Government offices, and clubs. There is a handy theatre-seating section, and an excellent street plan.

"*The Post Office Directory*"

"The Post Office London Directory," another from the Kelly litter, is a tome which contains London in print. Street names, householders' names, a trades index, and a capital map in four folding sections enable anybody to find anybody else in London. The changes—not all of them for the better—that have been arbitrarily made in street names are all recorded, and amount to 750, with another 300 listed as impending. From this it is evident that an up-to-date Directory is essential. Kelly's costs sixty shillings.

"*Whitaker*"

We place *Whitaker's Almanack* last because it does not particularise. It does not confine itself to people, or streets, or London, or England, or even to the world. It embraces in splendidly concise form as much of the universe as is known to man. The stars, the solar system, stratosphere flights and signs of the zodiac sit side by side in its pages with lists of provincial mayors, and cinema productions of 1938. It is, therefore, impossible even to list the subjects and the services contained in *Whitaker*, whose excellent index alone contains eighty-odd pages. But if you want a book which touches on almost every subject under the sun, and if it is a case of choosing only one of the excellent books of reference mentioned above, we confidently recommend *Whitaker*. The 71st annual volume, of wieldy size, is published in three bindings: leather, with 13 coloured maps, 12*s*. 6*d*.; cloth, 6*s*.; paper (abridged edition), 3*s*.

A Desk Companion

When you have bought all or some of the above reference books for your desk, we recommend to complete the picture of efficiency an "At-a-Glance" calendar. The principle is simple: a little red window slides over the sheet of the month so that the current date is always outstandingly framed. For people whose time is valuable, and who dislike the eye-straining business of looking along lines and down columns, the "At-a-Glance" is a boon.

A Grizzly Affair *(Continued from page 24)*

shoot a wild pig without half-a-dozen beaters and a *shikari*, but just the sort of thing I loved.

"As I was taking stock of my surroundings from the valley where I intended to stay for the night, I happened to spot something moving on the edge of a cliff about ten thousand feet up. It showed up sharp and clean against the sky, and I knew by its big curving horns that I was sighting my first Bighorn. The Bighorns, you know, are the wild sheep of the Rockies. They're as nimble as chamois and you have to be a smart shot to bag one.

"Naturally, I marked this chap for mine. The range was longish, I admit, and I don't suppose there's half-a-dozen men living who would have attempted the shot. But, damme! I've got an eye, sir—I've got an eye, and, although I hadn't time to take a careful aim—for the Bighorn was on the move all the time—I got him—clean through the heart.

"Marvellous shot, you say? Well, yes it wasn't so bad.

"The next thing was how was I to get those horns? I was a bit done up—I'd come over about fifty miles of rough country that day and I didn't relish the notion of lagging up several thousand feet of a cliff that went up sheer as a wall, with hardly a scrap of foothold; but then I remembered what a dab Cora was at that kind of work.

"So I chucked down my gun—silly thing to do, if you come to think of it, but I suppose I was excited—jumped on my little mustang, and, by gad, sir, she went up the face of that cliff like a monkey. In less time than I take to tell you we were on top of the cliff, in full view of my Bighorn, *and*—a blasted great grizzly bear that was calmly making a meal off *my* sheep, if you please.

"The sight made me fairly dither with rage, and if I hadn't been such a fool as to leave my gun behind I'd have made that bear pay dearly for the supper he was having at my expense.

"However, I hadn't got my gun—so that was that. And now I began to realise that I was in rather a ticklish position: a yawning chasm behind me, and, in front of me, this savage brute. I won't attempt to describe his dimensions, my dear chap, for you'd never credit me if I did, but if I say he was as big as a tramcar I am giving you a conservative estimate of his size. His mouth! I believe you could have stood upright in it, and as for his paws, I have never seen an elephant whose feet came near 'em. That'll, perhaps, give you a slight idea of what I was up against.

"Was I nervous? Not a bit! You know, I'm no boaster, and I tell you, Ned, I was as cool as a cucumber. But I was thinking—and I had to think quick, for the bear had caught sight of me and was coming towards me with his hair bristling with rage and his eye full of devilment.

"Yes, I was in a tight corner all right, but just then my glance fell on the carriage-umbrella, which, as I told you, I carried in a sling at my saddle-bow. With the sight of that umbrella, inspiration came in a flash.

"A *parachute!* See the idea? I whipped the thing out of its sling in a twinkling, unfurled it, and, gripping my faithful Cora tightly between my legs, I gave her the word and she sprang like a bird over the edge of the precipice.

"The bear must have jumped almost at the same moment, for a dark mass hurtled past us as we floated gently down to the green valley ten thousand feet below, and there, a few moments later, I found the mangled remains of the brute."

That was the thrilling story as told to me by Major Blohard, and to testify to its truth he was obliging enough to produce three pieces of incontestable evidence—namely, a photograph of his famous piebald mustang, Cora, a view of the Rocky Mountains, and, last but not least, the identical umbrella by means of which he had so narrowly and providentially escaped certain death.

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JANUARY

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 4—January 10

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 114.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Pantomime Time

Three big pantos in the West End are doing excellent business—at Covent Garden, the Lyceum and Drury Lane. Here is Lulu, the horse of great virtuosity, in "The Babes in the Wood" at the last-named theatre

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Brown up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum ("Christmas Rocket": 6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

Seasonable Specials

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Rowena Sanders, aged thirteen, plays Alice in Nancy Price's production: Playhouse, 2.30 only.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Roger Parker leads in Rica Bromley Taylor's perennial: Duke of York's, 2.30.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Richard Goolden as Lord Babs in this hoary farce: Haymarket, 2.30 and 8.30.

CHILDREN'S THEATRE.—Jean Sterling Mackinlay's matinees: Rudolf Steiner Hall, 2.30.

GATE THEATRE REVUE.—Topical and satirical, with Hermione Gingold

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—T. C. Fairbairn's production of the Humperdinck children's opera: Scala, 8. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

KRONE'S CIRCUS.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. 2.45, 7.45. Sats., 2.30., 6, 8.45.

LET'S PRETEND.—A children's Christmas revue mixing fantasy, burlesque and sentiment with Steve Geray and Magda Kun: St. James', 2.30 and 8.

MILLS' CIRCUS.—Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

PETER PAN.—Seymour Hicks as Hook, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter: Palladium, 2.30.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30

RED RIDING HOOD.—Nelson Keys, Polly Ward, Patricia Burke, George Jackley, and big cast in this panto: Covent Garden, 2 and 7.30.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Dorothy Dickson, Derrick de Marney and Esmé Percy head a strong cast in this vivid old-timer: Embassy, 2.30 and 8 15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Savoy, 2.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's perennial Christmas play: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only.

WINTER CAVALCADE.—Unprecedented and unique ice and snow spectacle indoors: Earl's Court, 2.30 and 8.15.

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger. Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30.

MARCO MILLIONS.—A pungent piece of O'Neill satire (first performance in England), with Griffith Jones and Robert Harris: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Gay and full-blooded production by Guthrie, dances by de Valois, décor by Messel, strong Vic-Wells cast: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklin Dyall, Rosalind Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.—Curigwen Lewis, Mary Clare, Aubrey Dexter in Merton Hodge's adaptation of Olive Schreiner's book: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sydney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Michael Redgrave as Aguecheek, Esmond Knight as Orsino, William Devlin as Antonio: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *souffié* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WINDFALL.—Half-hearted theft makes the weakish plot; Frank Allenby is a clerk turned crook, Doris Lytton his wife: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

CHERI-BIBI (French).—Under this misleading title is a tough story of convicts on Devil's Island, headed by Pierre Fresnay: Berkeley.

THE CITADEL (American).—Prize-winning film of Cronin's novel has Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the doctor and his wife: Empire.

DISNEY CARTOONS.—Six of the newest: Tatler.

ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES (French).—A talented and lovely film set against the background of the Conservatoire; Jouvet, Odette Joyeux, Janine Darcey: Curzon.

FOUR DAUGHTERS (American).—Love and music for plot, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, the three Lane sisters and Gale Page for principals: Warner.

FOUR'S A CROWD (American).—The crowd is Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Rosalind Russell and Patrick Knowles: Carlton.

THE GREAT WALTZ (American).—Hollywood scenery and a European cast—Luise Rainer, Miliza Korjus and Fernand Gravey—in a mighty Viennese spectacle round Johann Strauss: His Majesty's Theatre.

KATIA (French).—An attempt by Paris to go Hollywood has produced a pretentious historical film relieved by the acting of John Loder and Danielle Darrieux: Academy.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One.

MY LUCKY STAR (American).—A tangled romance for Sonja Henie, with ice always in the background: New Gallery.

PREMIERE (British).—John Lodge in this: Regal.

SAY IT IN FRENCH (American).—Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna and Mary Carlisle in a bit of carefreedom Plaza.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's fascinating cartoon from Grimm: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THAT CERTAIN AGE (American).—Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper are the youngsters, Melvyn Douglas the grown-up, in an adolescent's story: Leicester Square.

TRADE WINDS (American).—A travel film, with Joan Bennett, Fredric March, and a bogus plot stuck in as foreground: London Pavilion.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont

THE YOUNG IN HEART (American).—A gay comedy with a moral has Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard in it: Odeon.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE VALKYRIE.—To-night, 4th, 7.15.

CARNAVAL, HOROSCOPE, JUDGEMENT OF PARIS, FAÇADE.—Thurs., 5th, 8.30.

RIGOLETTO.—Fri., 6th, 8.

LORD OF BURLEIGH, CASSE-NOISETTE.—Sat., 7th, 2.30.

THE VALKYRIE.—Sat., 7th, 7.15.

CASSE-NOISETTE, HOROSCOPE.—Tues., 10th, 8.30.

MUSIC

THE MESSIAH (Handel).—The Royal Choral Society, the L.P.O., and four soloists, under Dr. Sargent: Albert Hall, Sat., 7th, 2.30.

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Jean Bourne Bromley

Is engaged to Dr. Angus John Smith, only son of the late John Smith, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Mrs. A. P. B. Smith, of 66, Chelsea Square, S.W.3. She is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bromley, of Castle Hedingham, Essex

Harlip

Lilian Rae

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Rae, of Reiverslaw, Peebles, Scotland, and has announced her engagement to Wilfred R. Shorto, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Shorto, of Brazil

Kay Vaughan

Penelope Tower

Is engaged to Oliver Gatty, elder son of the late Sir Stephen Gatty, K.C., and Lady Gatty, of New Hall, Bodenham, Wilts. She is the only daughter of the Rev. H. Bernard and Mrs. Tower, of 6, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Hales Tomlinson

Is the daughter of Sir George and La[dy] Tomlinson, of 69, Courtfield Garde[ns] S.W.5, and has announced her enga[ge]ment to Terence Willcocks Garve[y], H.M. Consular Service, only son [of] the late Francis Willcocks Garve[y], Nigerian Civil Service, and M[rs.] Garvey, of 18, Oakley Street, S.W.

Lafayette

Theodora Lewis

Is engaged to Lieut. D. W. Malim, R.N., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Malim, of the Barn, Southwold, Suffolk. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Thackwell Lewis, of the Old Rectory, Great Hampden, Bucks.

Pearl Freeman

Nina Oakshott

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Oakshott, of Teheran, Iran, and 55, West Cromwell Road, S.W. She has announced her engagement to Martin Etherington-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Etherington-Smith, of Green Lane House, Burnham, Bucks.

Catherine Bell

Winifred Maureen Moorhouse

Is engaged to Ronald Hislop Crawford, son of William Crawford and the late Mrs. Crawford, of Orrissa, Marlborough Park, Belfast. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Moorhouse, of Wood Way, Magpie Hall Road, Bushey Heath, Herts.

Hay Wrightson

Frances Hope Roderick

Is engaged to Nigel Winso[n] Hean Gaydon, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gaydon, of Hornsea House, Hornsea, Yorks. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Roderick, of Newnham Cottage, Cambridge

Douglas

Honor St. Quintin Beasley

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. Quintin Beasley, of Old Bridge House, Dogmersfield, Hants. She is engaged to Capt. Andrew Skeen, Royal Berkshire Regiment, son of the late General Sir Andrew Skeen, and Lady Skeen, of Trinafour, Broadway, Worcs.

Catherine Bell

Pamela Ann Lidderdale

Is engaged to Arthur Raymond Fenwick Hynes, Royal Irish Fusiliers, son of the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Hynes, of Monaghan, Ireland. She is the only child of the late Wing-Com. J. H. Lidderdale, and Mrs. Lidderdale, of Lindens Lodge, Great Austins, Farnham

Lenare

Bettie Hamilton Supple

Elizabeth Joan Hamilton Supple, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hamilton Supple, of Benhams, Cross Way, Christchurch, Hants., is engaged to Sidney Elgar, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Elgar, of Waterways, Charlton All Saints, Wilts.

Lenare

Constance Inskip

Constance Elizabeth Hamilton Inskip is the youngest daughter of the Bishop of Barking and Mrs. Inskip, of Loughton, Essex. She has announced her engagement to Ernst Fellner, of Gmunden, Austria

Vandyk

Barbara Smallwood

Is the daughter of the late Richard Coningsby Smallwood, and Mrs. Smallwood, of Mile Path House, Woking. She is engaged to Capt. Hugh Philip Middleton, R.N., of Gleneagles, Hook Heath, Woking, son of the late Capt. R. W. E. Middleton, R.N., and Mrs. Middleton

Stuart Hamilton

Ninette Barbara Beck

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Beck, of Normanhurst, Hutton, Essex; she is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Ronald James Bennett, only son of the late Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Bennett, of Blenheim, New Zealand

Fenwick

Oona Hall

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hall, of Fatfield House, Fatfield, Co. Durham, and is engaged to Lieut. (E.) John Darley Farrow, R.N., only son of the Rev. R. P. and Mrs. Farrow, of The Vicarage, East Lulworth, Dorset

Vandyk

Helen Penny-Craik

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Penny-Craik, of Craig Castle, Rhynie, Aberdeenshire; her fiancé is John Edward Ruane, of 29, Bathurst Road, Ilford, Essex

Vandyk

Patricia Home

Is the daughter of the late Douglas Home and Mrs. Home, of 26, Phillimore Gardens, S.W.; she is to marry Edward Hinde, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hinde, of Bookham, Surrey

Vandyk

Kathleen Sconce

Is the daughter of the late Henry Sconce and Mrs. Sconce, and sister of Mr. E. W. Sconce, whose fiancée is on the right; she is engaged to James Louis Hope, W.S., youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Hope and Mrs. Hope, of 4, Osborne Terrace, Edinburgh

Pearl Freeman

Suzanne Mary Petri

Is engaged to Esmond Walter Sconce, Royal Artillery, twin son of the late H. A. Sconce, and Mrs. Sconce, of 5, Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh. Her parents are Major A. V. Petri, East Surrey Regt., Colchester, and Mrs. Petri, of Lawley, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Dorothy McConnel

Dorothy Anne Hall McConnel, daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. B. McConnel, of Sunnyside, Melrose, Roxburghshire, is engaged to Hugh Royden Neilson, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Neilson, of Chapeltoun, Stewarton, Ayrshire

Oldfield — Harris-St. John

Michael Carlton Oldfield, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Oldfield, of Moor Hill, Harewood, Yorks., and Rosamund Adela Harris-St. John, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Harris-St. John, of Blackdown House, Crewkerne, Somerset, were married at Whitchurch Canonicorum, Dorset

French — Oldfield

Terence W. G. French, R.N., son of J. Gay French, of 33, Harley House, N.W.1, and Kathleen Oldfield, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. W. F. Oldfield, of Hull, were married, in a pre-Christmas snowstorm, at Goodnestone Church, Kent

Phillimore — Maude-Roxby

Henry Josceline Phillimore, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Phillimore, of the Old Farm, Swinbrook, Oxon, and Katherine Mary (Susan) Maude-Roxby, daughter of the late Lt.-Com. L. Maude-Roxby, R.N., and Mrs. Maude-Roxby, of the Sanctuary, Morden, Surrey, were married at Chelsea Old Church

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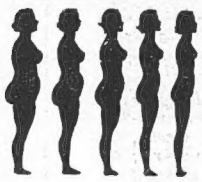

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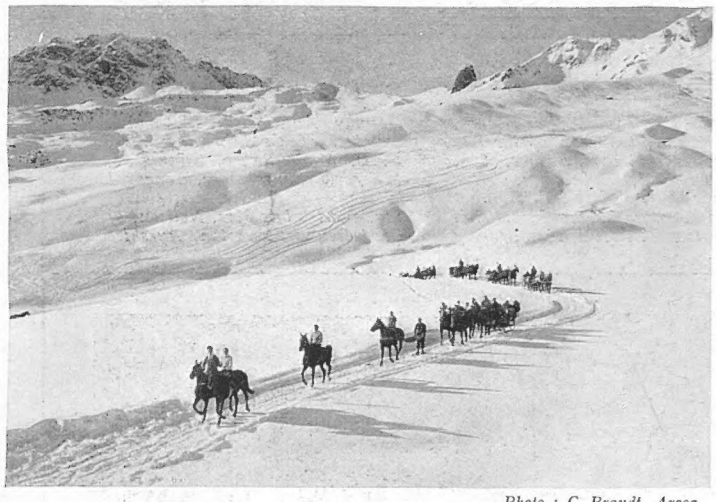

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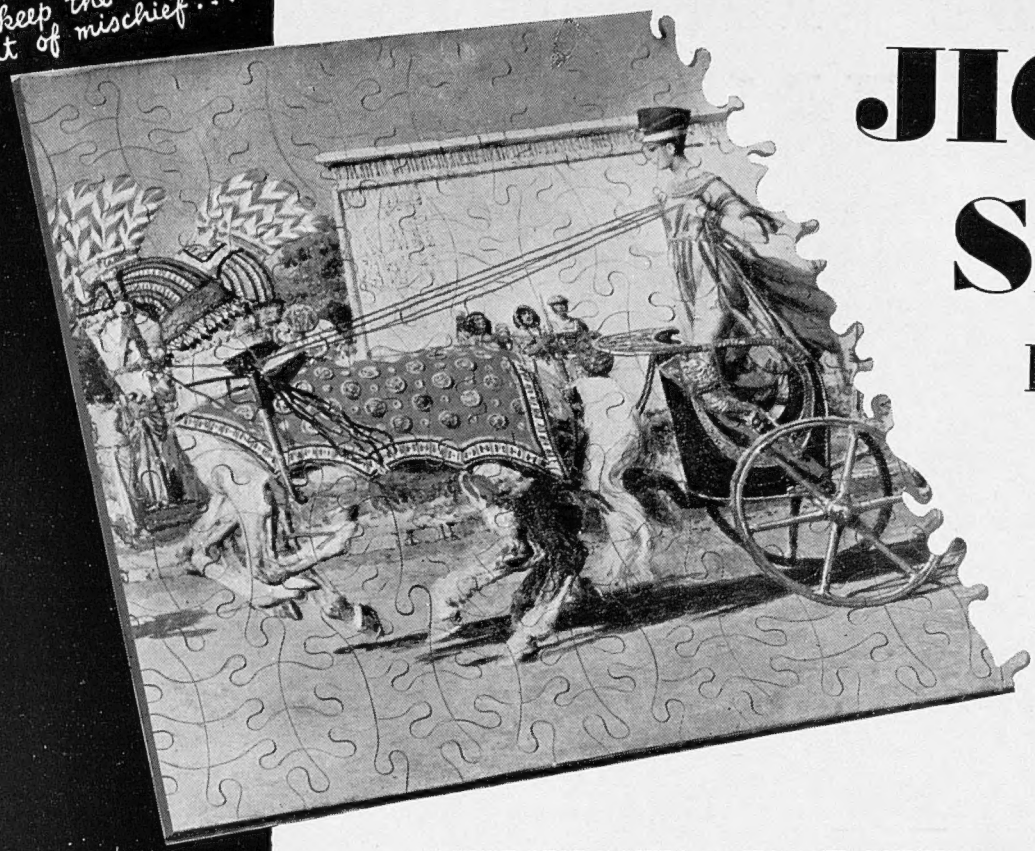

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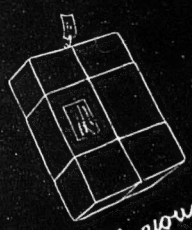

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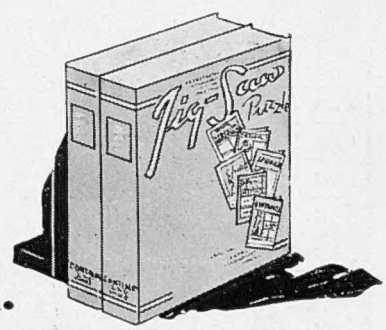

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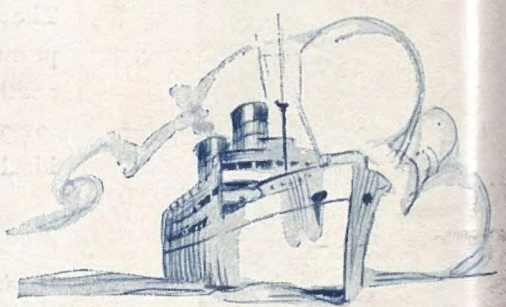

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